The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 15. Vol. III. DECEMBER, 1892. Price Sixpence.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* December *will be noticed in the* January *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th January, *in the* February *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

We propose commencing in January a "Notes and Queries" column. Contributions are invited, which must be brief, must relate to literature or authors, and must be of some general interest.

In January we shall publish an article entitled "The Suppressed Works of Rudyard Kipling."

In reply to various inquiries, all regular subscribers, whether booksellers or not, and whether receiving their copies from the publishers or not, are entitled to ask for "Books Wanted." All lists must be received by the 20th. We have received a large number of addresses of authors and book-buyers for our forthcoming directory, and shall be glad to receive more names.

SURVEY.

Among the most successful books of the month, reminiscences occupy an important place. Memories of living men bid fair to take the place of biographies; for some reason they sell better, and are more appreciated. Dean Hole's volume and that of Dr. T. G. Hake (to be reviewed in our next) may be specially mentioned, and the carefully edited autobiography of William Bell Scott will be found not less readable and of far more permanent value. We hope to review it fully next month.

In theology nothing very important has appeared; the volume, 'Book by Book,' is a good popular introduction to the Bible, but the type is too small.

In fiction there has been nothing of first-rate importance. The translation of Zola's *Le Débâcle* has had a very large circulation, and a fair amount of average work has been published. Miss Barlow's 'Irish Idylls' will, we believe, be recognised in time as the most significant first essay in fiction published this year, and another book of very great ability, by an unknown writer, is 'Mixed Humanity.'

In poetry Lord Tennyson's 'Œnone' has been followed by Mr. William Watson's 'Lachrymæ Musarum.' Mr. Alfred Austin has issued 'Fortunatus the Pessimist.'

The most notable thing in the book world this month has been the immense demand for Lord Tennyson's poems. It was so great at one time that the printers had twenty-six machines working upon them. The sale of the new volume, 'The Death of Œnone,' has been almost unprecedentedly large.

Every bookman will rejoice that Mr. George Meredith is the new President of the Society of Authors. Few writers have had a longer and more trying experience than he. We find the *Spectator*, February 3rd, 1866, referring to him as "a novelist of some ability and a rather low moral tone,'

GEO. MEREDITH.

and this is a fair specimen of the criticism passed upon him for many years. It is not so much by writing new books as by the merit of his old and unjustly scorned productions that Mr. Meredith has won his position. Apart from his special claims, his generous interest in young writers marks him out as the man for the place.

He and Mr. John Morley were among the first to give Mr. Thomas Hardy a word of real heartening, and to encourage him to go on with fiction. Another writer whom Mr. Meredith, as a "reader," discovered, was Miss Olive Schreiner, whose 'Story of an African Farm' was published through his advice—not as Miss Schreiner wrote it, but with very considerable omissions. It might be invidious to mention names, but it is well known that some rising writers acknowledge special kindnesses from Mr. Meredith—not that he is ready to advise any one to enter the literary profession, a profession of which few indeed can take a gloomier view than he.

We are sorry to say that some printers of books are already finding their business affected by the American Copyright Act. Not a few important books of this season have been printed or are being printed in America, and will

not be set up in this country. It is well known that while some printers took a serious view of the result of the American Copyright Act, others did not. The gloomier forecast will apparently turn out the truer.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson has written a story with the title, 'Under Sentence of the Law.' It tells of a dog that was condemned to death by a court of law in Switzerland, but whose sentence was, in response to a petition of the residents of the village, commuted by the judge to perpetual muzzlement. Mrs. Stevenson has also written her reminiscences as a housekeeper. A striking feature is "Storing a Yacht," which gives a picturesque description of how she and her husband fitted out a yacht for their first cruise. Mrs. Stevenson, before her marriage to Mr. Stevenson, was a contributor to some of the leading American magazines.

The author of 'Lorna Doone' has been extremely reticent about the originals of his characters. Some light has been thrown upon the subject by Mr. Baring Gould in one of his entertaining compilations. Miss Gratiana Chanter, daughter of a clergyman living in the Doone valley, has made a study of the traditions and facts of 'Lorna Doone,' and will embody the result of her study under the title, 'The Forty Thieves of Exmoor, or the Doones of Bagworthy.'

Shortly before Mrs. Gaskell's death, she contributed several papers, said to be of true humour, to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Have these ever been printed?

Mr. Henry Norman still contemplates the publication of his press series, although he has not made much way with the arrangements. The difficulty is that in order to do anything satisfactory in the history of journalism, it is necessary to read almost [illegible] limit old newspapers, a work than which, on the whole, nothing can be more disheartening.

Yet one is rewarded by coming on queer things here and there. Thus we opened a volume of the *Spectator* and found, October 12th, 1867, "There is none among our statesmen who has more of the humility of real strength than —the Duke of Argyll!" Here is another extract: "The *Daily News*, by the gallantry of its conduct through the American campaign, deserved the Victoria Cross of journalism. It was nothing comparatively for us to stand up to the work, though we lost more money than we care to think about, and could publish a curious repertory of anonymous insult—for the class who read the *Spectator* will read while it hates—but a daily paper in opposing a public furore stakes its very existence."

The first volume of "The Bookman's Library," 'Poetry from the *Dial*,' will be published soon. It will contain all the poetry printed in the four volumes of the *Dial* arranged under the names of the contributors, with biographies, and occasional notes. It will be prefaced by a brief introduction giving a history of the *Dial*. Only five hundred and fifty copies will be printed in all, 500 at 7s. 6d. net, and fifty on large paper at one guinea. This is for England and America. There will be no reprint, so that the volume will soon be excessively scarce. The publishers reserve the right to raise the price of the book on publication. We hope to give in our January number particulars of further works in preparation for this series.

Mr. William Hale White has now acknowledged the authorship of 'Mark Rutherford' and other works. Mr. Fisher Unwin is issuing these notable books in a new edition, which will include Mr. White's translation of the Ethics of Spinoza, published some years ago in Messrs. Trübner's Philosophical Library. Mr. White received considerable assistance in this work from Miss Amelia Hutchison Stirling, the accomplished daughter of Dr. Hutchison Stirling, and her name is now to appear on the title-page. Mr. White is now resident at Hastings.

"Frank Pope Humphreys," the author of 'A New England Cactus,' in the Pseudonym series, has been tracing the history of Annie Laurie, the heroine of the famous song, and her husband, the laird of Craigdarroch. She has had the help of Sir Emilius Laurie, of Maxwelltown, formerly well known as an evangelical clergyman in London.

There are hardly any things more valuable for the student of literature than the lives of publishers. As yet there are few—Constable, Murray, and one or two more. A most interesting addition is to be made in the shape of the correspondence of the late J. R. Osgood. Mr. Osgood's acquaintance with all bookmen, from the highest to the lowest, was almost universal, and if even a fraction of his correspondence has been preserved the book should be one of permanent worth. It will be edited by Mrs. A. V. S. Anthony, who is Mr. Osgood's literary executrix.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome has resolved to devote the whole of next year (with the exception of the time required for editorial duties) to his first attempt at a serious novel.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling is at present revising a number of stories which have already seen the light in various periodicals, with a view to their publication in book form, about January or February. A feature of the volume will be one or two entirely new stories.

We understand that Mr. R. D. Blackmore has almost finished a new novel, which he proposes to call 'The Pearly Cross.' It will probably be published in serial form, commencing in April or May.

The first edition of Mrs. W. K. Clifford's 'The Last Touches' was exhausted on subscription.

Mr. Arthur Symons, the author of 'Silhouettes,' is the son of a Wesleyan minister. As is well known, Mr. Rudyard Kipling's grandfathers on both sides were ministers of the Methodist communion. Among lady novelists Miss Adeline Sergeant, the author of 'The Story of a Penitent Soul,' and Mrs. Robert Watson, the author of 'A High Little World,' are daughters of Wesleyan ministers. By the way, why is 'The Story of a Penitent Soul' halting? It has not, we believe, passed into a second edition, and it is difficult to procure a copy. Yet no work of Miss Sergeant's has as yet met with so warm a reception.

A fresh contribution to Nihilistic literature will be furnished by the Countess Waynovouska, a Russian noblewoman of twenty-four, who has, notwithstanding her youth, seen much of the insides of Russian prisons, and suffered

exile in Siberia. The papers, which are said to be most thrilling, will be translated by Mrs. Mona Caird, and published in the *Idler*.

Mr. Barry Pain's new school story will apppear serially in *Chums*, and will be published in volume form by Messrs Hodder and Stoughton. The one volume novel which Mr. Pain is at present writing for Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine and Co. may also probably be first issued as a serial.

A new novel by Robert Barr will shortly appear in *Lippincott's Magazine*. It is called 'In the Midst of Alarms,' and by a curious coincidence—the MS. was finished some months ago—part of the action centres on the Fenian movement directed against Canada in 1866, which is dealt with at some length by Major Le Caron in his 'Recollections.' Mr. Barr was a member of the Canadian Volunteer force called upon to resist the invaders, and he has a lively recollection of the excitement caused by this bold movement on the part of the Irish liberators.

E. W. Hornung, the author of 'A Bride from the Bush,' is just putting the finishing touches to a new romance, which will probably be called 'Another Australian.' Of course the heroine is an Australian, but she is unlike the one in the first story, inasmuch as she is a young woman of much polish and refinement. The novel will be published in two volumes by Cassell and Co.

Mr. Grant Allen's new story, entitled 'Blood Royal,' which has been running for some time in *Chambers' Journal*, will be published in book form early in January, here by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, and in America by the Cassell Publishing Co.

Mr. Kipling has just completed a short story, entitled 'The Legs of Sister Ursula.' It is one of a series, shortly to appear in a prominent monthly.

Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith proposes to issue a new 3s. 6d. edition of Dr. Doyle's 'The Great Shadow.' This new issue will also contain 'Beyond the City,' the story which formed the Christmas number of *Good Words* last year.

Miss Ada Cambridge is another recruit to the ranks of those who think an agent can manage their affairs better than they themselves can. All her work will in future be sold by Mr. A. P. Watt.

The indefatigable Dr. Smiles, who is just entering his eighty-first year, is preparing another contribution to industrial history and biography, the story of the life and work of Josiah Wedgwood, the father of modern English pottery. The committee of the Mayer Library at Liverpool have placed at his disposal the unique series of documents relating to Wedgwood, which, with a magnificent collection of Wedgwood ware, was, with other valuable collections of art and antiquities, presented to that city by the late Mr. Joseph Mayer. Miss Meteyard ("Silverpen"), in her meritorious life of Wedgwood, made use of Mr. Mayer's Wedgwoodiana, but since 1865, when her work was published, new material has accumulated, which will be utilised by Dr. Smiles.

The new volume of the Great Writers series, issued by Mr. Walter Scott, is to be a life of Leigh Hunt, by Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse. Mr. Monkhouse, who is a colleague of Mr. Austin Dobson at the Board of Trade, has written a novel and some poems, but is known chiefly as a somewhat copious contributor to the literature, historical, biographical, and critical, of modern British art.

A correspondent writes: "In the obituary notices of the late Mr. Samuel Brandram, the accomplished Shakspearian reciter, I have not observed any reference to a brief but interesting episode in his biography which had indirectly an important effect on his career. Some twenty or more years ago, being then a wine merchant, he founded the Verulam Club in St. James's Street, just below the Devonshire. It was to be a distinctively literary and scientific club, as became the name which its proprietor selected for it. Its first secretary was Mr. James Hutton, many years editor of the *Calcutta Englishman*, and well known in home journalism and literature. Before Mr. Brandram had time to carry out his conception of what an intellectual club might be, he was compelled by circumstances to relinquish both his business and his club-proprietorship. What, however, seemed to be a calamity proved to be a benefit. Mr. Brandram became a Shakspearian reciter, and in time derived from this source an income of several thousands a year, without the risk attendant on commercial speculations. The Verulam, after dwindling into a club of the ordinary kind, was dissolved, and what were its premises are now occupied by a bank."

Dr. Conan Doyle's 'The Sign of Four' seems, since the copyright was acquired by Messrs. Geo. Newnes, to have taken a new lease of life. The sale is very remarkable.

We may remind our readers that 'The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes' is dedicated to Dr. Joseph Bell, of Edinburgh, the writer of the review in our present issue. Dr. Bell's method of diagnosis suggested the character to Mr. Doyle when a pupil of his.

The Palestine Exploration Fund will publish this month 'The City and the Land,' being a series of lectures delivered on and in relation to the work of the society early in the year in Hanover Square.

Mr. John Pettie, R.A., is painting a portrait of Mr. Adam Black. This gentleman is a member of the well-known firm, and we believe the third of the name.

Mr. Thomas Terrell, the author of 'Lady Delmar' and 'The City of the Just,' is, we understand, busily completing a new novel entitled 'Ruth,' the dramatic rights of which have already been secured by Mr. Beerbohm Tree for production at the Haymarket.

Mr. D. Christie Murray has just completed a new story, entitled 'A Wasted Crime.'

Mr. D. M. Grosart, 41, Alma Street, Blackburn, owing to Dr. Grosart's retirement, has taken full charge of his books, and will promptly attend to any inquiry of his privately printed works, 'Fuller Worthies,' 'Chertsey Worthies,' 'Huth Library,' etc.

Miss Rose Kingsley has been writing on the subject of Hereward the Wake and his family. She has succeeded in tracing the descendants of her father's hero.

Miss Helen Zimmern now resides in Florence, where she represents the American Associated Literary Press.

A new work on Dartmoor has just been issued by Mr. Crossing, forming an addition to his former works on the subject. It is entitled 'The Old Stone Crosses of the Dartmoor Borders,' and is copiously illustrated.

A Chester bookseller relates how many years ago he met at a sale in Shropshire the man who purchased for a few pence at an auction the Prayer Book owned by Shakespeare, with a genuine autograph inside, and resold it to his brother, who in turn disposed of it to a wealthy American for £200, and actually charged the sum of 1s. 6d. extra for a box to contain it. The first purchaser is stated to be now confined in a lunatic asylum, caused by worry at his brother's meanness. The latter promised him £40 out of his handsome profit, but never gave him a penny.

The French translation of 'Antiquités de la Russie Méridionale' has just been completed by the issue of the third part. It gives a briefer and more popular description, profusely illustrated, of the remarkable and exquisite products of Greek art, mingled with rude native work, discovered in the mounds which covered the tombs of Scythian chiefs, such as were described by Herodotus. The fuller account of this, perhaps the most remarkable and completely known, department of Greek commerce and trade, is contained in the Russian official publications, the 'Antiquités du Bosphore Cimmérien' (described in the BOOKMAN for November), for the Crimea, and the equally sumptuous and inaccessible 'Comptes Rendus de l'Académie de Saint Petersbourg' for South Russia.

The wrecking of the splendid museum at Kertch by the allied English and Turkish army in 1854, is described here with remarkable freedom from hard language; but we believe that a much more outspoken judgment is pronounced in the original Russian of Professor Kondakof and Count Tolstoi, and that the reticence of the French translation is due to the editorial influence of Monsieur S. Reinach The Turkish soldiery smashed into minute fragments every object in the museum; and no such disaster to archæological science is known as the loss of this unique collection.

Scotch. Mr. A. C. Lamb, F.S.A. (Scot), has been engaged upon an elaborate work, entitled 'Dundee, its Quaint and Historic Buildings.' It is to be beautifully illustrated by numerous plates of antique and picturesque buildings. Many of them have been recently removed. Mr. Lamb has received a letter from Sir Henry Ponsonby, stating that Her Majesty has accepted the dedication of the work.

The preface to Haldane Burgess's Shetland Poems, just issued by Mr. Gardner, is unique:—"Ye'll finn da bits o poiems farder ower." The volume was originally issued by Messrs. T. and J. Manson, Lerwick.

Mr. A. P. Skene writes from Pornic, France, to *Scottish Notes and Queries* an interesting account of the late W. F. Skene, historiographer-royal. Some quotations are worth giving: "A good idea of his candour and correct self-judgment may be formed from an anecdote he told me very early in our acquaintance. He said he found he lost a great deal of business by the sharpness of his temper; so he established a *temper-drawer* in his office, into which he made it a rule to cast every letter written under feelings of irritation. In almost every case the letter was burnt next day, and a milder one written."

The next throws an interesting light on Dr. Skene's taste for liturgiology:—"Just when I should have received Anglican Orders, I was led by inexorable logic to join the communion of Rome. My host told me he had very nearly done the same at my age; but that he was then a strict Calvinist. No bigot, however; though a veteran volunteer in the vineyard (for he had taught Sunday-schools for half a century), he was on the best of terms with Bishop Gillies, and used to sing the Lamentations in Holy Week at St. Mary's, Broughton Street. He told me in the frankest way he was 'no good at Greek and Latin,' which was very surprising, for he was past master of French, German, Czech, and Welsh."

We have not seen any reference to this romantic episode in Dr. Skene's life:—"In early days he was engaged to a beautiful Czech lady, whose portrait he showed me. Her untimely death ruined all his hopes of happiness; and it was fidelity to this first love which kept him single, not want of taste either in himself or in the opposite sex."

Journalism. American journalists are seriously exercised about Mr. Rudyard Kipling's unwillingness to be interviewed. A reporter from the New York *Globe* had been sent to Brattleboro', Vt., to interview Mr. Kipling. He had driven out to the Bliss Farm, a little story-and-a-half cottage painted white with green blinds, which is his temporary residence, and found that Mr. Kipling was roaming in the woods. He went along the wood in the direction of "Crow's Nest," the house Mr. Kipling is about to build in a lonely spot, and on a plan of his own, one story about the plan being that the house is to be a single room wide and about eighty feet long. As he drove quietly along the road there appeared to the reporter the form of a somewhat sturdy Englishman wearing spectacles, with a market basket on one arm and a five foot high sapling on the other. "It is an outrage," said Mr. Kipling, "to assault a man like this on the public highway. If you have any questions to ask, submit them in writing and present them at my house."

On a sheet of paper the reporter inscribed the following protest:—"I respectfully submit that your treatment of me was rude and boorish when you were approached as one gentleman would approach another. Will you kindly talk with me five minutes man to man? What you say in that time shall not be used unless I have your permission."

Mr. Kipling appeared and said, "I decline to be interviewed. American interviewing is brutal and immoral. It is an outrage to be assaulted on the public highway and asked to give the details of one's private life. I am not a Dickens—I know that very well. I am one of the little fry,

and all I ask is to be let alone. Your copyright laws have swindled me out of considerable money. Is it not enough to steal my books without intruding on my private life? When I have anything to say I write it out and sell it. My brains are my own."

The *Boston Advertiser* comments on this: "Rudyard Kipling writes himself down a boor. The strokes in the autograph are so large and sprawling, are so distinctive in native blackness, that no one would mistake the word—it is boor." But the *Boston Record* says: "There must be some recourse for persons whose privacy is invaded by reporters, some remedy as against the persons who employ them."

Mr. Kipling is staying in Brattleboro' because it is the home of his wife, whose family have lived there in summer for fifteen years.

Mr. Charles Hanson is the writer of the summary which appears in the *Times*. Mr. Hanson is an able and practised journalist. He served on the *Scotsman* during the editorship of Dr. Wallace, and became second in command under the present editor, Mr. Charles Cooper. He left the *Scotsman* to become editor of the *Scottish Leader*, but quitted the new journal after a comparatively short period, and came to London. Mr. Hanson is a Bradford man.

The clever verses which the *Pall Mall Gazette* magnanimously published on the subject of its own transference were written by Mr. Garrett, formerly well known as the assistant editor of the paper. The lines were first sent to the *Chronicle* and then to the *Review of Reviews*, but were apparently considered too strong in these quarters!

It will not be surprising if the announcement of Mr. Newnes's new daily paper does not lead to further developments in journalism. One of a remarkable kind is already foreshadowed. Mr. Newnes, with his new staff, is hardly the man to be content with the *status quo*, and in self-defence other newspaper proprietors may feel it necessary to compete with him.

Mr. George Newnes still thirsts for conquests new, and is about to start a new monthly.

Mr. Clement Scott while on his tour round the world will occupy a considerable portion of his time writing his reminiscences. He proposes to reach Chicago next year in time to be at the opening of the Exhibition, and a report of this event from his pen will appear in the *Daily Telegraph*.

Changes are impending on the staff of the *Star*. The result will probably be another weekly paper.

We understand that the *Idler* will be published in America by Mr. S. S. McClure, the head of the well-known syndicate. It is intended ultimately to print the American edition in America, making a certain quantity of the matter especially American.

Mr. Kipling has lately acquired the copyright in all his numerous contributions to the *Allahabad Pioneer*. Amongst these are many travel sketches, which, together with the results of his later wanderings, he will soon issue in volume form.

Continental. Professor Schemann is preparing for the press a collection of letters written by and to Schopenhauer, which are said to be of considerable literary and philosophical interest. These 'Briefe von und au Schopenhauer' will be published shortly by Brockhaus.

Another valuable literary correspondence is also announced, the letters of Wilhelm von Humboldt and Ernst Moritz Arndt to a lady whose name is little known, but who was a strong influence in German literary circles in the beginning of the present century, Johanna Motherby. The letters will be accompanied by a memoir and portrait.

A new work by Ebers, the author of 'Homo Sum,' is promised almost immediately. It is called 'Die Geschichte meines Lebens.'

A fine new edition of Uhland's works, prose and verse, in six volumes, with an important study on Uhland as a poet patriot, and scholar, is being issued by Cotta.

Among recent Italian novels of interest are 'Salamandra,' by Regina di Levanto (Roux), and 'I Pinzoccheri,' by Petrucelli della Gattina (Zanichelli), a striking story, the scene of which is laid during the French Revolution.

The biography and works of Leopardi have been made the subject of an elaborate study by Signor G. A. Cesareo. The work, which contains valuable additions to previous biographies, is announced by Roux, under the name of 'Nuove ricerche su la vita e le opere di G. Leopardi.'

Jules Verne's new story is called 'Le Château des Carpathes.'

Gyp's new volume, 'Monsieur le Duc,' is announced by Calmann Lévy. Among other recent French works of fiction are Ernest Daudet's 'Les Mœurs du Temps' (Flammarion), 'La Messe Rose,' by Catulle Mendés (Charpentier), 'Cœurs Utiles,' by Paul Adam (Kolb), and Maurice Barrès's strange and eminently unsatisfactory story of a social-experiment, 'L'Ennemi des Lois,' whose very weaknesses, so different from those of the ordinary French novel of the day, seem to have brought it fame.

American. A monograph of about seventy pages, by Emerson, will be an interesting feature of the biography of A. Bronson Alcott, which F. B. Sanborn and Dr. William T. Harris have in preparation.

Dr. Holmes considers "In Memoriam" Tennyson's most remarkable poem.

Francis H. Underwood, for a long time United States Consul at Glasgow, has been spending the summer at his native town, Enfield, Mass., revising a series of sketches of life in a typical New England village, "Quabbin," which Lee and Shepard will publish. It will be illustrated.

We are glad to hear once more of Mr. Frank Lee Benedict, an American novelist, who did some work of striking promise about eighteen years ago and then vanished from sight. Mr. Benedict is to edit an American periodical to be called the *New Peterson Magazine*, an illustrated periodical founded on the *Old Peterson Magazine*. It is to be devoted to literature and art.

THE ORIGIN OF TENNYSON'S 'RIZPAH.'

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

SIR,—I beg to send you an extract from 'The History of Brighton and its Environs,' by Alderman Henry Martin, published by John Beal, Brighton, in 1871, in which I think I see the germ of Tennyson's poem of 'Rizpah.' I do not know that attention has been drawn to this before. On the night of 30th October, 1792, the mail from Brighton was robbed, at Goldstone Bottom, by two men, named Rock and Howell, the whole extent of the booty being half a sovereign, enclosed in a letter. The book (page 174) goes on to say: "Rock was a simple, inoffensive fellow, aged about twenty-four, who had been the dupe of Howell, a man forty years old. Rock lived with his mother at a cottage at Old Shoreham, on the site now occupied by Adur Lodge. The two men were found guilty at the Horsham Spring Assizes, and were sentenced to be executed near the spot where the robbery had been effected. The bodies were afterwards each enclosed in a skeleton dress and hung upon a gibbet. When the elements had caused the clothes and the flesh to decay, the aged mother of Rock, night after night, in all weathers—and especially in tempestuous weather—visited the lonely spot, and it was noticed that on her return she always brought something away with her in her apron. Upon being watched, it was discovered that the bones of the hanging men were the object of her search, and as the wind and rain scattered them on the ground, she collected the relics and conveyed them to her home; and, when the gibbets were stripped of their horrid burthen, in the dead silence of the night she interred them, deposited in a chest, in the hallowed ground of Old Shoreham Church."—Your obedient servant,

Shoreham, Sussex, J. W. D'ALBEVILLE.
22nd Nov., 1892.

POETRY.

THE FIDDLER OF DOONEY.

When I play on my fiddle in Dooney,
Folk dance like a wave o' the sea—
My brother is priest of Kilbarnet
My cousin of Rosnaree.

I passed my brother and cousin,
They read in a book of prayer,
I read in a book of songs
I bought at the Sligo fair.

When we come at the close of Time
To Peter sitting in state,
He will smile on the three old spirits,
But call me first through the gate.

For the good are always the merry,
Save by an evil chance,
And the merry love the fiddle,
And the merry love to dance.

And the folk there when they spy me
Will all come up to me,
With, "Here is the fiddler of Dooney,"
And dance like a wave o' the sea.

November, 1892. W. B. YEATS.

THE READER.

THOMAS WOOLNER.

THE death of Mr. Thomas Woolner, R.A., which occurred on the 7th of last month, not twenty-four hours after that of the Laureate, caused a bitter pang in the hearts of many old friends far and near. The papers were full of details, anecdotes, rumours about England's greatest modern poet, and little room was left for even short notices on the man to whom many are inclined to give the position of England's greatest sculptor. But for those who knew and loved him, newspaper paragraphs were unnecessary. His circle of admirers was small, for his work, both in poetry and sculpture, was of that finished style which people are apt to sneer at as laboured. His circle of friends was still smaller, for friendship with him meant something more than an annual dinner invitation, a biennial morning call, or a quinquennial meeting. The friends he had were those he loved and shared his short hours of recreation with. Mere acquaintances he cared little for, and would shock them by his sudden manner of calling a spade a spade, and then shouting in Homeric laughter at his own violence of language. To his friends, then, his death was a bitter and unexpected loss, and made them feel that peculiar poverty that every true citizen must feel when a great man is taken away.

"Tom Woolner," as his old associates still lovingly call him, was born at Hadleigh, in Suffolk, in the year 1824. He was about twelve years of age when he gave up all his time to drawing. In his early youth his family removed to London, where they lived in the neighbourhood of Camden Town. About the year 1848 his appearance was that given in the accompanying portrait, which is taken from a pencil sketch executed by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. He had thick brown hair, rather long over the forehead, and not so dark as his eyes. The most striking thing about him was the blazing eyes. He had a kindly manner, not shy, nor forward, but full of only half-expressed earnestness. In tête-à-tête he was a delightful companion. Any roughness or uncouthness disappeared when alone with a friend, and what he said was full of enthusiasm for everything that was beautiful and good. He had a most acute discernment of natural beauty, and a wonderful power of convincing his hearer. He seemed to see a thing so vividly, and to believe a thing so completely, that he could paint it, or prove it, in words that never could be forgotten. To analyse the form and colour of a wayside flower, or to stand before a picture or a statue with him by your side, was a lesson for life. Perhaps in later years he grew dogmatic and sarcastic, but when young he was full of rich enthusiasm. His love and reverence for Carlyle, Tennyson, Browning, and for some less known writers, and his ready, interesting talk about them, made him a welcome guest in the houses of cultivated people.

As a fair example of the trouble he took with his work, we may take the creation of the statuette called "Love." Before he went to Australia he brought to the house of some friends one night four drawings, and asked them to choose one for a statuette which he intended to make. They represented Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter.

Each was lovely, but after much consideration the little committee selected Spring. Each design had a second meaning, and the one chosen meant Love, or a dream of love. It was of a girl looking at herself in a clear lake, with the narcissus flower in her hair, remotely suggested perhaps by the story of Narcissus in Keats. Not long after this he went to Australia, having had a great disappointment in losing an order for the statue of Wordsworth. But he did the medallion, which is in Grasmere Church —a very fine one.

He went to Australia half gold digging, half sculpturing, and came back in a very few years rested and strengthened by the change. How much better it would be for most young men, or women either, when they feel life is hard and just wages almost impossible to win, to take a draught of invigorating colonial air instead of burying themselves in a London slum within sight of the luxuries they cannot afford. At least, the experiment succeeded with Woolner, for he returned strong in health and hope, and astonished the critics with his splendid and successful efforts. The great statue of Bacon now at Oxford was sculptured in the studio in Albany Street, Camden Town, which he took on his return. John Brett was painting next door. Many a day Woolner, who was one of the original pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, and particular to a fault, slaved at the face, the hands, the gown, the ruff, the very shoetips of the logician. Every night before leaving, the clay figure was draped in the wet cloths most tenderly and carefully. In those days no pupils thronged round him anxious to relieve him of drudgery, if they might but see him work. He employed no one to work under him. All was thought out and done by himself. One frosty morning a dreadful disaster happened. In spite of all precautions, one of the clay hands had fallen to the ground. It meant hours of laborious work, and it was undertaken quietly and as a necessity. Others might have patched up the injury, but with Woolner nothing could be tolerated that was not as perfect as he could make it. The hand was carefully modelled again and refixed, and of the thousands who have looked at Bacon's statue, not one has suspected that such a catastrophe ever happened.

He was fond of his relations, and was helpful to his brothers, one of whom, Henry, had great artistic perception. In middle life he married the sister-in-law of his old friend, his brother in art, Holman Hunt. The happiness of his domestic life was very great, and his wife and children must be soothed even in these early days of sorrow by the remembrance of many years of home life together. He loved the country, and for some time had a beautiful place in Sussex, called Mayfield, which he afterwards sold. But London did not satisfy him entirely, and long before his death he had built himself another country home called Rapkins, also in Sussex. In town or country his mind's eye always saw beautiful things, and sometimes in marble, less often in poetry, he expressed his visions, so that the world might rejoice with him.

Thomas Woolner was buried in Hendon Churchyard, close to the grave of one of his earliest friends, Emily, the wife of Coventry Patmore. E.

THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

IT is not entirely a bad sign of this weary, worn-out century that in this, its last decade, even the petty street-bred people are beginning, as the nurses say, to take notice. An insatiable and generally prurient curiosity as to the doings of the class immediately above us is pandered to by the society journals, and encouraged even by the daily newspapers. Such information is valueless intellectually, and tends to moral degradation; it exercises none of the senses, and pauperizes the imagination. Celebrities at home, illustrated interviews, society scandal on all levels merely titillate the itching ear of the gossip. Memoirs, recollections, anecdotes of the Bar or of the Academy, are much more interesting, and may be valuable as throwing sidelights on history, but still only amuse and help to kill the time of which we forget the value. But in the last few years there has been a distinct demand for books which, to a certain poor extent, encourage thought and stimulate observation. The whole 'Gamekeeper at Home' series and its imitations opened the eyes of town dwellers, who had forgotten or never known White of Selborne, to the delightful sights and sounds that were the harvest of the open eye and ear. Something of the same interest is given to the "crowded city's horrible street" by the suggestions of crime and romance, of curiosity and its gratification, we find written with more or less cleverness in the enormous mass of so-called detective literature under which the press groans. Every bookstall has its shilling shocker, and every magazine which aims at a circulation must have its mystery of robbery or murder. Most of these are poor enough stuff; complicated plots, which can be discounted in the first chapter, extraordinary coincidences, preternaturally gifted detectives, who make discoveries more or less useless by flashes of insight which no one else can understand, become wearisome in their sameness, and the interest, such as it is, centres only in the results and not in the methods. We may admire Lecocq, but we do not see ourselves in his shoes. Dr. Conan Doyle has made a well-deserved success for his detective stories, and made the name of his hero beloved by the boys of this country by the marvellous cleverness of his method. He shows how easy it is, if only you can observe, to find out a great deal as to the works and ways of your innocent and unconscious friends, and by an extension of the same method to baffle the criminal and lay bare the manner of his crime. There is nothing new under the sun. Voltaire taught us the method of Zadig, and every good teacher of medicine or surgery exemplifies every day in his teaching and practice the method and its results. The precise and intelligent recognition and appreciation of minor differences is the real essential factor in all successful medical diagnosis. Carried into ordinary life, granted the presence of an insatiable curiosity and fairly acute senses, you have Sherlock Holmes as he astonishes his somewhat dense friend Watson; carried out in a specialised training, you have Sherlock Holmes the skilled detective.

Dr. Conan Doyle's education as a student of medicine taught him how to observe, and his practice, both as a general practitioner and a specialist, has been a splendid training for a man such as he is, gifted with eyes,

memory, and imagination. Eyes and ears which can see and hear, memory to record at once and to recall at pleasure the impressions of the senses, and an imagination capable of weaving a theory or piecing together a broken chain or unravelling a tangled clue, such are implements of his trade to a successful diagnostician. If in addition the doctor is also a born story-teller, then it is a mere matter of choice whether he writes detective stories or keeps his strength for a great historical romance as is the 'White Company.' Syme, one of the greatest teachers of surgical diagnosis that ever lived, had a favourite illustration which, as a tradition of his school, has made a mark on Dr. Conan Doyle's method, "Try to learn the features of a disease or injury as precisely as you know the features, the gait, the tricks of manner of your most intimate friend." Him, even in a crowd, you can recognise at once; it may be a crowd of men dressed alike, and each having his complement of eyes, nose, hair, and limbs; in every essential they resemble each other, only in trifles do they differ; and yet, by knowing these trifles well, you make your diagnosis or recognition with ease. So it is with disease of mind or body or morals. Racial peculiarities, hereditary tricks of manner, accent, occupation or the want of it, education, environment of all kinds, by their little trivial impressions gradually mould or carve the individual, and leave finger marks or chisel scores which the expert can recognise. The great broad characteristics which at a glance can be recognised as indicative of heart disease or consumption, chronic drunkenness or long-continued loss of blood, are the common property of the veriest tyro in medicine, while to masters of their art there are myriads of signs eloquent and instructive, but which need the educated eye to detect. A fair-sized and valuable book has lately been written on the one symptom, the pulse; to any one but a trained physician it seems as much an absurdity as is Sherlock Holmes' immortal treatise on the one hundred and fourteen varieties of tobacco ash. The greatest stride that has been made of late years in preventive and diagnostic medicine consists in the recognition and differentiation by bacteriological research of those minute organisms which disseminate cholera and fever, tubercle and anthrax. The importance of the infinitely little is incalculable. Poison a well at Mecca with the cholera bacillus, and the holy water which the pilgrims carry off in their bottles will infect a continent, and the rags of the victims of the plague will terrify every seaport in Christendom.

Trained as he has been to notice and appreciate minute detail, Dr. Doyle saw how he could interest his intelligent readers by taking them into his confidence, and showing his mode of working. He created a shrewd, quick-sighted, inquisitive man, half doctor, half virtuoso, with plenty of spare time, a retentive memory, and perhaps with the best gift of all—the power of unloading the mind of all the burden of trying to remember unnecessary details. Holmes tells Watson: "A man should keep his little brain-attic stocked with all the furniture that he is likely to use, as the rest he can put away in the lumber-room of his library, where he can get it if he wants it." But to him the petty results of environment, the sign-manuals of labour, the stains of trade, the incidents of travel, have living interest, as they tend to satisfy an insatiable, almost inhuman, because impersonal curiosity. He puts the man in the position of an amateur, and therefore irresponsible, detective, who is consulted in all sorts of cases, and then he lets us see how he works. He makes him explain to the good Watson the trivial, or apparently trivial, links in his chain of evidence. These are at once so obvious, when explained, and so easy, once you know them, that the ingenuous reader at once feels, and says to himself, I also could do this; life is not so dull after all; I will keep my eyes open, and find out things. The gold watch, with its scratched keyhole and pawnbroker's marks, told such an easy tale about Watson's brother. The dusty old billycock hat revealed that its master had taken to drinking some years ago, and had got his hair cut yesterday. The tiny thorn-prick and fearsome footmark of the thing that was neither a child nor a monkey enabled Holmes to identify and capture the Andaman Islander. Yet, after all you say, there is nothing wonderful; we could all do the same.

The experienced physician and the trained surgeon every day, in their examinations of the humblest patient, have to go through a similar process of reasoning, quick or slow according to the personal equations of each, almost automatic in the experienced man, laboured and often erratic in the tyro, yet requiring just the same simple requisites, senses to notice facts, and education and intelligence to apply them. Mere acuteness of the senses is not enough. Your Indian tracker will tell you that the footprint on the leaves was not a redskin's, but a paleface's, because it marked a shoe-print, but it needs an expert in shoe-leather to tell where that shoe was made. A sharp-eyed detective may notice the thumb-mark of a grimy or bloody hand on the velvet or the mirror, but it needs all the scientific knowledge of a Galton to render the ridges and furrows of the stain visible and permanent, and then to identify by their sign-manual the suspected thief or murderer. Sherlock Holmes has acute senses, and the special education and information that makes these valuable; and he can afford to let us into the secrets of his method. But in addition to the creation of his hero, Dr. Conan Doyle in this remarkable series of stories has proved himself a born story-teller. He has had the wit to devise excellent plots, interesting complications; he tells them in honest Saxon-English with directness and pith; and, above all his other merits, his stories are absolutely free from padding. He knows how delicious brevity is, how everything tends to be too long, and he has given us stories that we can read at a sitting between dinner and coffee, and we have not a chance to forget the beginning before we reach the end. The ordinary detective story, from Gaboriau or Boisgobey down to the latest shocker, really needs an effort of memory quite misplaced to keep the circumstances of the crimes and all the wrong scents of the various meddlers before the wearied reader. Dr. Doyle never gives you a chance to forget an incident or miss a point.

No wonder the stories have been successful. Of the twelve, some are much better than others. One man will enjoy the "Red-headed League"; another the "Blue Carbuncle"; for the average reader the "Speckled Band" has special charms. The story of the "Five Orange-Pips" will probably come home to the American, and the "Noble Bachelor" will interest Mayfair. In the "Engineer's Thumb" Mr. Holmes has less to do, but what he does is done with his usual directness of action, guided by simplicity of method.

Not one of the twelve is a failure, and the handsome volume in which they have been collected will be a prize for all those young and old who are not ashamed to read good stories. Had the handsome volume been divided into two, it would not have been so heavy to hold.

JOSEPH BELL.

GEORGE HENRY LEWES.

CHAPTER II.

Lewes lectures in Manchester on the History of Philosophy—He appears as Shylock and in a drama of his own at the Manchester Theatre Royal—Lewes a successful raconteur*—Dr. Vaughan on 'Wilhelm Meister'—Lewes's second visit to Manchester—His and Thornton Hunt's projected new Journal—Launch of the 'Leader'—Its conductors and contributors.*

EARLY in the year after my first meeting with Lewes he paid a visit of some duration to Manchester, of which city I was then for the second time a denizen. One of the objects which brought him thither was the delivery of a course of lectures on the history of speculative philosophy. Lewes's expositions were lucid and lively, his manner was animated, and his audiences, though not large, were distinctly appreciative. His contemptuous treatment of metaphysics and exaltation of science were not unsuited to the inquiring minds of that utilitarian city. It was pleasant to be told that though you had never troubled yourself about "the problems of life and mind," you were just as wise as any of the long series of sages who had wended their toilsome way on the "high à priori road," which, according to Lewes, led nowhere. A new era, he proclaimed, had dawned on mankind with Comte's promulgation of the positive philosophy. Of Lewes's hearers, among whom I was one, many, I doubt not, went home content to know nothing which could not be "verified by experience," since beyond that, the clever and erudite gentleman from London assured us, there was really nothing to be known.

But it was not merely to discourse on the futility of metaphysics and to glorify Auguste Comte that Lewes came to Manchester. He wished to make a figure on the stage as well as on the platform. The histrionic and dramatic efforts of his youth have been already mentioned. Since then he had written a serious drama, 'The Noble Heart,' which remained unacted. On the public stage he had played Sir Hugh Evans in 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' when performed by the amateur company of men of letters and artists which, under the management of Charles Dickens, went "on tour" for the benefit of the veteran, and as yet unpensioned, Leigh Hunt. Some vague aspiration to become a successful dramatist and a successful actor flitted through Lewes's mind, and he had resolved to try at Manchester his wings in both these flights. Just when he was finishing his lectures on philosophy the advertisements of the "Theatre Royal, Manchester," announced that "This evening Mr. G. H. Lewes, the popular author, will make his début in 'The Merchant of Venice,' one of the plays," the Manchester impresario actually deemed it desirable to add, "selected by Her Majesty at Windsor Castle. Shylock, Mr. G. H. Lewes"; Barry Sullivan playing Bassanio. There was originality in Lewes's conception of Shylock, whom he endeavoured to represent as the champion and avenger of a persecuted race, and his gabardine and three-pointed beard were praised as accurate reproductions of old reality. Sooth to say, however, Lewes's personation of the Jew that Shakespeare drew was palpably ineffective, and his best friends were obliged to admit that Nature had not intended him to be an actor. He tried another part, that of the elderly hero, in his own drama, 'The Noble Heart,' a play in blank verse, with Elizabethan touches. But his personation of a Spanish hidalgo was as wanting in dignity as that of the Venetian Jew had been in power. 'The Noble Heart' was performed in London afterwards, but with indifferent success. Lewes gave up all serious pretensions to be a dramatist, and pretensions of any kind to be an actor. His one dramatic hit, 'The Game of Speculation,' was merely an adaptation, though a very clever one, of Balzac's *Mercadet le Faiseur*. He was for the most part content to be a dramatic critic, and one of great acumen, as his little volume 'On Actors and Acting' abundantly testifies.

In Manchester, Lewes went a good deal into society, was a frequent guest of the Jewsburys, and made himself generally agreeable. He was eminently sociable and convivial, and an admirable *raconteur*, especially of French anecdotes gathered in Paris, where he had been recently, in quest of material for his life of Robespierre. His anecdotes were often of a kind that would not now bear reproduction. One of the least unpresentable of them was a significant story of a Paris editor, to whom a serious-minded aspirant brought for publication an elaborate essay on the existence of a deity. "Dieu," was the business-like editor's polite but disappointing reply, "Dieu—c'est bien, très bien—mais, mon cher Monsieur, la question de Dieu n'est pas une actualité"! At a jovial Manchester supper-party, I heard Lewes give the imaginary account, not printed until years afterwards, of the different ways in which a Frenchman, an Englishman, and a German might respond to an invitation to describe the camel; the Frenchman, after an hour at the Jardin des Plantes, presenting a sketch of the ship of the desert, lively and admirably written, though very superficial; the Englishman proceeding to the East, and after long investigation returning with a great budget of valuable but undigested facts; while the German, retiring to his study, constructed the idea of a camel out of the depths of his moral consciousness. This clever, and a good deal more than clever, *jeu d'esprit* was first published by Lewes in his Life of Goethe, I think. In whole or in part, it has been reproduced throughout the English-writing world, in innumerable books and articles, but I doubt whether its authorship is generally known. One of Lewes's few notable acquaintances during this visit was the late Dr. Vaughan, then Principal of the Lancashire Independent College at or near Manchester, and editor of the *British Quarterly Review*, to which Lewes was a frequent and prominent contributor. Lewes, who had then his Life of Goethe on the stocks, told me with considerable satisfaction that the eminent Nonconformist had pronounced the "Confessions of a Fair Saint" in 'Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship' to be a singularly accurate transcript of pietistic spiritual experiences. During one of his visits to my own domicile, the company not being exclu-

sively male, Lewes gave us most sympathetically—for with all his faults he was an affectionate husband and father—nursery stories of his children, sent him from London by his wife, who, he said, wrote to him unfailingly every day—a statement which afterwards acquired a pathetic interest.

Towards the end of the year Lewes re-appeared in Manchester, coming on an errand very different from either of the two which had brought him there on his previous visit. His mission was to raise some of the capital required for a literary enterprise in which he was very much interested, the establishment of a new weekly journal, to be the organ of "advanced" opinions, political, religious, and above all social, then, it was thought, without an adequate exponent in the higher London journalism. In his Life of Robespierre, published about that time, and dedicated to his father-in-law, Swynfen Jervis, then or previously an M.P., and, I believe, a banker, Lewes, while condemning Robespierre's sanguinary fanaticism, had shown a strong sympathy with the general objects of the great French Revolution. In promoting the newspaper, which he hoped was to lessen his dependence on the editors of reviews and magazines, he was aided and abetted by his friend Thornton Hunt, Leigh Hunt's eldest son, a journalist of considerable experience and much more of a practical politician than Lewes himself. Thornton Hunt, who rivalled Lewes in plainness of visage, was some seven years his senior. The first noticeable incident in his journalistic career was his appointment, at five-and-twenty or so, to be assistant editor of the *Constitutional*, an unsuccessful London daily newspaper, started by a company the chairman of which was Major Carmichael Smyth, the second husband of Thackeray's mother. Thackeray, then rather a fierce Radical, was successively its correspondent in Paris and its foreign editor in London. He is said to have lost his little all by investing it in the *Constitutional*, and is also said to have met his loss with the pious ejaculation, "Thank God we have our religion left!" After the failure of the *Constitutional* Thornton Hunt became a busy journalist in town and country. When he and Lewes were projecting their new journal he was on the staff of the *Spectator*, and looked forward hopefully to the prospect of being allowed to say his say on social questions more freely than was permissible in that shrewdly-conducted but rather prosaic journal. The times, indeed, seemed somewhat favourable to Lewes's and Hunt's enterprise. To what I have said on this subject in a sketch of the state of things when Carlyle was preparing his 'Latter Day Pamphlets'—and the publication of the new journal followed closely on that of 'Latter Day Pamphlet' No. 1—I may add a mention of the rise of new movements throughout the country for the extension of the suffrage and for secular education, the latter begun in Manchester. It was not without justification that Lewes boasted to me of the extreme appropriateness of the name selected for the new organ. There was something in the mere name of the *Leader* to commend it to the party of "progress."

Lewes's financial mission to Manchester was not unattended by some success. One of the largest Lancashire contributors to the capital with which the *Leader* was started was a wealthy and philanthropic German owner of calico-printing works near Manchester. But the chief financial supporter of the new journal was understood to be a Lincolnshire rector, still surviving in advanced years, and so very "broad" a Churchman that he assisted in the execution of an English translation of George Sand's works, and appended to one of his published sermons a sketch of Fourier's scheme of social re-organisation. At last, on the 30th March, 1850, the happy Lewes saw the *Leader* launched under what appeared to be favourable auspices. Thornton Hunt was its political, Lewes its literary editor, and the general editorship was shared between them. One of the sub-editors was the late George Hooper, who, having learned in youth the A B C of journalism from the John Robertson noticed in one of my Carlyle papers, became a journalist of note, and was known latterly by several meritorious contributions to military history and biography. Among its outside contributors were Mazzini, Miss Martineau, Walter Savage Landor, Charles Kingsley, and Mr. Froude, whose 'Cat's Pilgrimage' appeared (anonymously) in the earlier numbers. One of the contributors of verse was Gerald Massey, who, in the columns of the *Leader*, if I remember rightly, first became known to fame as a poet. A novel "feature" of the *Leader* was its "Open Council," to which men of all opinions were invited to express them, thus carrying out a favourite notion of John Stuart Mill's. In "Open Council" was published a series of remarkable letters on the 'Droit au Travail' by William Edward Forster, then a young Yorkshire manufacturer, comparatively unknown to fame. Of one unremembered but striking contribution by Lewes to the earliest numbers of the *Leader*, more hereafter. Φ

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF GEORGE ELIOT.

LETTER II.

Griff, February, 1840.

. . . . . .

Does my mental scent deceive me when it tells me that my merry little Martha's finely rounded compliment is strongly impregnated with the satire that she is continually, even though unconsciously, breathing out? Well, be it so; notwithstanding the paucity of my cerebrum in a certain part, I will not allow you to-night to disturb my self-complacency, but will answer your application with all gravity and importance. The word classics has a very soaring air, but alas! we must crawl for some time up a rugged steep before we can catch a glimpse of the desired summit. We must get a Latin Grammar and tax our memories with every word of it. This is all I have attempted at present, with the exception of reading some of Esop with Taylor's literal translation. I have a series of elementary Latin books after Locks's method, published by Taylor and Walton; the set cost one guinea. As you are so spirited in determining to see every book that is mentioned to you, I will tell you the modern ones I have read since I last wrote. Three volumes of G. P. R. James's Life and Times of Louis Quatorze; there is a fourth and last, which I shall, I hope, soon have. His reign, you know, was a focus on which were blended the brightest rays of France's military and literary glory. I devour it as a romance. I have now the life of Sir Richard Hill, by the Rev. Edwin Sidney, and Scrope on Deer Stalk-

ing in the Highlands, which last, you may fancy, can be a book only for sportsmen and Amazons, but I rather think it is interesting. I intend, if spared, to be busy with a chart which I am anxious to complete, and if I succeed, to print it for a certain object. It gives a chronological view of Ecclesiastical History, and has not that I know of been forestalled. I have seen charts of profane history innumerable, or rather I should say secular history, but never one of Church history. Have you? I have a faint hope that Mr. Brezzi will be able to give me some time next month, and if I am not disappointed I shall begin German with him and continue Italian; this I ardently long for.

. . . . . .

Our dear J——'s letters are always full of spiritual feeling, and I rejoice that you share the same benefit as myself in being one of her correspondents. I am just now perturbed by circumstances that have called forth much emotion of a kind not favourable to the progress of the soul, either in earthly or heavenly acquirements. May I one day be a more useful friend!

. . . . . .

Dated Griff, Monday evening. Addressed to "MY DEAR PATTY" (Martha).

. . . . . .

Pity the sorrows of a poor young housekeeper, and determine to make the very best use of your present freedom *therefrom*. I do you to wit that you are to expect nothing very solid, still less anything brilliant, from one of my calibre. My very studies have a tendency to make me non-*impartitive*. I must coin a word, and plead the possibility of my becoming important enough to do so, though obliged to confess undue assumption now. I take too much mental food to digest without more of the exercise of conversation.

. . . . . .

I am conscious of having straitened myself by the adoption of a too varied and laborious set of studies, having so many social duties; otherwise circumstanced I might easily compass them all. I dilate on this mistake of mine, not out of a desire to meditate on anything belonging to myself, for I am very glad to take my *congé* of that unfortunate companion, but because I think it possible that a knowledge of my experience on this head may be of some little use to you. I am delighted with the little compact chronological table [of Ecclesiastical History], the more so that it trenches not on my ground. Who is its author or authoress? and whose is the scheme of prophetic interpretation?* I have read some portions of 'The Doctor,' and have long intended to read the work thoroughly, but I am waiting for a season that I can conscientiously devote to a light work, which is a sort of effervescent medicine that my torpid constitution occasionally needs. You will polish and sharpen me, will you not? Alas! I need melting and remoulding.

I am going to make a proposition, dear Patty, that would, I think, if carried out, make our correspondence more effective. Tell me if it would be agreeable to you. It is that we should have an assigned subject for our correspondence, not, of course, restricted to any particular number of letters. I should like you always to choose and start the bone we are to pick together without contention. Suppose you begin this plan in your next letter—any subject that may appear above your horizon I will trail with pleasure on your pointing it out to me, whether it be planet or meteor, substantial or gaseous.

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The friends gave each other "flower-names." Another early and very intimate friend of George Eliot's, Miss Lewis, was called, in accordance with this sentimental custom, "Veronica." The meaning attached to "Clematis" in the "Language of Flowers," in which young people of those days were learned, is "Mental Beauty."

LETTER V.

The Bower of Clematis, July 30th, 1840.

MY DEAR IVY,—If you knew how the tendrils of your Clematis have been twisted out of their natural *inclination*, you would not wonder that she should concentrate all her sap for her own support under this rack-like process, and thus become stunted instead of stretching out a branch to clasp even her Ivy. At length, however, she invites her fellow creeper to try whether the same soil and air will suit the constitution of each. Without all travesty, dear Patty, if you can venture an experiment on Griff and its presiding nymph I shall be glad to welcome you hither on Wednesday week.

. . . . . .

The letter is signed, "Your drooping Clematis."

LETTER VII.

Griff, Oct. 20th, 1840.

Have I really a friend Martha still, or is she become only a "bead of memory's rosary"? I can ill spare her, I confess, for I am not rich in friends.

. . . . . .

I am very far from well to-night, and quite in an unfit state to conciliate or recover a weary correspondent, but my desire to know the worst of you and the expectation of having my time and thoughts occupied by visitors influence me under every disadvantage to try the effect of importunity on your *durissimo cor*.

. . . . . .

Every day's experience seems to deepen the voice of foreboding that has long been telling me, "The bliss of reciprocated affection is not allotted to you under any form. Your heart must be widowed in this manner from the world, or you will never seek a better portion; a consciousness of possessing the fervent love of any human being would soon become your heaven, therefore it would be your curse."

. . . . . .

I was electrified a little while ago by an observation of Aimé Martin's, "I was resolved to be neither a Frenchman, a Russian, nor a Turk, but to be a man!" May I unceasingly aspire to unclothe all around me of its conventional, human, temporary dress, to look at it in its essence and in its relation to eternity, and thus in perhaps rather a different sense from Wordsworth's "breath the spirit of the universe."

* The author of the work referred to was the Rev. Edward Bickersteth, rector of Walton, Herts.

NEW BOOKS.

THE DEATH OF ŒNONE.

Modern writers, the great no less than the small among them, have been heavily handicapped by being born in a lyrical age, and thereby compelled for the most part to break up their inspiration into many glints and glimmers, instead of letting it burn in one steady flame. A hundred years hence their work will seem to lack largeness and simplicity when compared with the work of an earlier time. It is true that they have their compensations, for the glints and glimmers find their way into many a corner and cranny that never could be reached by the great light of a Divine Comedy or an Iliad, for lyrics are very easy to read and remember when compared to the long masterpieces into which men put their whole lives and their whole beings. It is true also that while a writer lives men are too near him to judge him as a whole, and that it takes generations before he sinks far enough into the distance for his palace of art to stand clear against the heavens. Let the lyric poet eat, drink, and be merry for some to-morow his work in its totality will be compared with those great buildings of the past which were built out of so great stones and upon so magnificently simple a plan, and beside them it may seem like a phantastic and flimsy pagoda. Lord Tennyson seems to have felt this with ever-increasing intensity, for despite the discouragement of critics, who long would have it that he was a lyrist and nothing else, and the disappointment of the public, who cried out for ever-new lyrics, he attempted great work after great work, now triumphing with 'The Idylls of the King,' and now failing dismally with 'Queen Mary' and 'Harold,' and battling between failure and victory with 'Beckett.' For long it seemed as though his latter years were to be given wholly to such experiment and the lyrical outburst of the volume called 'Tiresias" was a distinct surprise. It is well, perhaps, that this last book of his, his farewell volume, should contain a little fleet of the lyrics that the people love, and no great argosy of drama or epic, built expressly for the high seas of Time. It is well, too, that it should contain, as it does, an epitome of his latest manner, alike in its faults and its virtues, and so bring him the nearer to us. The new Œnone is, indeed, but a feeble ghost of the old, and the account of his refusal to cure Paris but mere scene-painting beside the haunting rhythms and lofty melancholy of Mr. Morris' account thereof in 'The Earthly Paradise'; but then 'Churchwarden and Curate' is no less a masterpiece than the 'Northern Farmer,' and the verse of 'Akbar's Dream,' 'Telemachus,' 'The Wanderer,' and 'Silent Voices' is shining with that vivid personal exaltation which only attained complete development long after he had reached his prime; while 'The Dawn,' 'The Making of Man,' 'God and the Universe,' are charged with that sense of the travail of the world which came to him in its full imaginative significance only when he had dulled with gathering years the too comfortable optimism of the first 'Locksley Hall,' and cast angrily away in the second his once great faith in material progress and in that coming day when "the heavens" would "fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails, pilots of the purple twilight," and learned to base his dreams alone upon the regeneration of the heart of man. As years passed over him the poet grew not less and the man grew incomparably greater, and this growth was accompanied ever by a shedding off of hopes based upon mere mechanical change and mere scientific or political inventiveness, until at the last his soul came near to standing, as the soul of the poet should, naked under the heavens. In early days a too great sense of the mere corporeal bigness of the universe and of the infinity of its transformations had interfered with his sense of spiritual vastness and of the momentousness of spiritual change, but in his latter days he seems to have grown conscious of this interference In 'God and the Universe' in the present book, he asks—

> "Will my tiny spark of being wholly vanish in your deeps and heights?
> Must my day be dark by reason, O ye Heavens, of your boundless nights,
> Rush of suns, and roll of systems, and your fiery clash ot meteorites?"—

and then bids himself be of good cheer, for God is in all. Tennyson's attitude towards material things reminds one of the astronomical person with whom Blake quarrelled. The astronomical person bored Blake by talking of the immense distance of the fixed stars until Blake would hear no more, but burst out with, "I tell you that it is not so, for I touched the heavens with my stick at the end of a dark lane the other night." To Blake the only real world was the mental world, and the rest was of the stuff that dreams are made of. The heavens were to him merely the limit of the world of thought and feeling, which limit is now near, now far. That they should have seemed so very different, so very real, to Lord Tennyson is made the more strange by his being scarce less of a visionary in some ways than Blake himself, for has he not told us of visions and trances obtained by meditating on the letters of his own name, and how in these visions and trances the spiritual world became "the clearest of the clear, the surest of the sure"? And has not Mr. Stead just made known to us the startling fact that Lord Tennyson believed himself, like Blake, to be in constant communication with unseen intelligences?

This observation on outer things has its good side, for in it lies the secret of that marvellous picturesque power, that wonderful gift of sight into the world about him. Had he been more Blake-like, or even more Shelley-like, he could never have turned from work so subjective as 'The Silent Voices,' 'The Wanderer,' 'The God and the Universe,' to the miraculous observation and penetrating satire of 'The Churchwarden and the Curate.'

From his penetration into outer things, and his never-ceasing interest in every movement of his age, came too, I doubt not, that exalted reason and inspired temperance which made him kin to Plato. "Victor Hugo," said Carlyle once to an acquaintance of mine, "is the greatest poet of the day, for he has most music"—he meant by music, I take it, no mere verbal harmony—"but Tennyson has the most reason." 'Akbar's Dream' is a supreme instance of this reason, and even Tennyson has written nothing wiser than Akbar's remonstrance with the warring sects:

> "He knows Himself, men nor themselves nor Him,
> For every splinter'd fraction of a sect
> Will clamour, 'I am on the Perfect Way,
> All else is to perdition.'
> Shall the rose
> Cry to the lotus, 'No flower thou'? the palm
> Call to the cypress, 'I alone am fair'?
> The mango spurn the melon at his foot?
> 'Mine is the one fruit all made for man.'"

W. B. YEATS.

IRISH IDYLLS.*

I imagine that as this book goes the round of the reviews it will become a trite thing to call Miss Barlow an Irish Barrie. Like him, she has found her book waiting her in a little and humble place of the earth; like him, she has the delicate observation that is "the harvest of a quiet eye." She has his gifts of tenderness, of dignity, of true and simple pathos, of sympathy that comes by love. Like him, she has a fine and beautiful vocabulary, and a style that makes pictures. To us Irish she is more welcome than Barrie can be to the Scotch. We are so long awaiting our real Irish novelist, while Mr. Barrie comes in the line of succession to great men who have made the world intimate with Scotland and Scottish folk. We have had no such interpreters. Carleton was too shapeless and too melancholy; Miss Edgeworth, despite her genius, was old-maidish and restricted; the Banims and Griffin did but piecemeal work at best; Miss Lawless, in our own day, writes of the same sunless country and grey lives that Miss Barlow treats here, but her 'Grania' leaves one an impression of a solitary page of the story, a single lonely figure, desolate on a low shore, amid a waste of waters. There is many a Lisconnel in Ireland, at the back of the bogs or "the back of God speed." But who else could make of it, not a human document, but a human book, fluttering whose pages, we run all the gamut of emotions?

We have here the human tragedy in such pathetic things as 'One Too Many,' or 'Herself.' Miss Barlow has the gift of tears in verse or prose, and as one could scarcely read 'Th' Ould Master,' to take one of her poems, without a

* 'Irish Idylls.' By Jane Barlow. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.)

catch in the throat, so it is not easy to be dry-eyed over poor Larry Sheridan and his homely tragedy, or over Mrs. O'Driscoll and the children going to America. But what good, honest pathos it is; none of the unwholesome things that take you by the throat with a stony horror like those that stalk out of Ibsen and the Russians. 'Irish Idylls' leaves us more human and kindly when it has wrung our hearts. Then the humour is truly delightful; what a child, only we see too little of him, is Jimmy Kilfoyle! And what mingled humour and pathos is the warp and woof of all their lives. One gets to know them, Mrs. Doyne and 'Stacy, dear little Mrs. Kilfoyle and Mrs. McGurk, and all the other worthies of Lisconnel, as if one were going in and out every day among them. The humanity is not starved out of Lisconnel; it is an innocent little community indeed, in which the only thing starved out seems to be vice. Miss Barlow sees not only the primitive lives, but the lonely country and the wild skies that seem a part of it; she has superb descriptive bits, which paint us pictures as finely as any sky painter or painter of moors who works in the legitimate medium. I wish I had space to quote the skies that flash into her pictures, fixed for us in her nervous and fine English. It would not be easy to better this: "All at once something happened in the western sky. It was as if some vast tent-rope had suddenly been snapped, for the dark riftless cloud-canopy seemed not so much to abruptly rise as to actually recoil back with a swing up from the horizon's verge, and ere one had realised that it had begun to lift, it was flying eastward scudding in festoons and trails and shreds, or furled into rumpled bundles in the grip of the careering blasts." I believe 'Irish Idylls' will be an Irish classic. I have read every line of it with increasing delight, and am glad Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have bound it so substantially, not like your mushrooms of a season. Miss Barlow writes a little more from the outside than does Barrie. This is shown by her occasional slip in the matter of the brogue, though she has much mended since 'Bogland Studies.' Another matter in which she does not see far, is that in such lives as these religion would be a far more potent element than she makes it. KATHARINE TYNAN.

PEER GYNT.*

'Peer Gynt' is probably the most remarkable example which the present generation has seen of the disarming magic of poetry. No poet of our time has struck his country more sharply home than Ibsen in the masterpiece which he despatched in 1865 into the far Scandinavian world from his vantage-ground beside the Italian sea. Yet this scathing and one-sided exposure of the typical Norwegian has been for years among the most treasured classics of Norway, learnt by heart by aspiring youths and emancipated young women, proudly recommended to the study of the curious foreigner, and an inexhaustible storehouse of telling phrase and epigram for all. And outside Scandinavia, despite its very pronounced local colour and its extraordinarily idiomatic and colloquial language, the fame of 'Peer Gynt' has steadily grown. This would have been impossible had it not been very much more than an indictment of a particular country. It is in fact charged with thoughts which, while always intensely local in their phrasing, yet break into the heart of problems which have stirred all Europe and have helped to mould the outer as well as the inner history of Europe towards its present state. It is the work of a man whose own nature had been stirred and torn by the conflicting spiritual activities which have slowly transformed the civilisation of the nineteenth century, on the one hand by that eager resuscitation of the past, which led the Romanticism of Germany and France to the poetic disparagement of active life, and yet at the same time to that profounder study of history which is so largely responsible for the troublesome self-consciousness of modern nationalities; on the other, by the passionate need for action, for labour, for service, for self-realisation, which is usually at issue with the reminiscent calm of Romanticism, as Prometheus with Epimetheus in Goethe's 'Pandora,' and which is essentially embodied in Goethe's 'Faust.' 'Peer Gynt,' the work of a few months, can certainly not pretend to the complexity and the intellectual massiveness of Goethe's life-long companion; nor is it at all likely that Ibsen either here or elsewhere wrote under the influence of that "much respected author," as Peer jauntily calls him. Still, the similarity of the problems which lies at the basis of both poems is very striking. Ibsen's handling is, however, wholly original. His style, a radiant woof of mingled wit and poetry hardly to be parallelled out of Aristophanes, nowhere recalls the ordered stateliness of Goethe; and the problem itself he takes up, so to speak, at the opposite end. Faust's self-realisation is a progressive liberation from his lower self; Peer Gynt's is an adventurous yet calculating self-indulgence under which his true self slowly dissolves away. Peer Gynt, like Faust, existed in popular tradition; he was a hunter among the mountains, an encounterer of trolls and elves, and, moreover, "an out-and-out tale-maker and yarn-spinner, who always made himself out to have been mixed up in the stories that people said had happened long ago." Out of this germ Ibsen has constructed his embodiment of romantic adventure and romantic caprice, whose will is merely a stream of many-coloured impulse, fed by his inexhaustible and unscrupulous fancy. The first three acts stand apart in dramatic character from the sequel, much as the first part from the second part of 'Faust.' The intellectual framework is not yet nakedly obtruded, and the rapid and stirring story which these acts unfold—Peer's audacious bride-rape, his unmerited conquest of the true-hearted Solveig, his fantastic adventures with the trolls, and the weird and marvellous death of his mother—lure the reader from the search for signification as effectively as the story of Gretchen itself. Peer himself is still essentially the Peer Gynt of folklore—the devil-may-care young athlete of the country-side, unformed and unreflective. The mysterious "Böyg" has taught him the great doctrine of *going round-about*, *i.e.*, of avoiding difficulties instead of beating them down, but he has not yet grasped its significance. In the fourth act, however, we pass abruptly into a region where the symbolic intention, instead of being put out of sight by the action, nakedly emerges, and, in fact, alone saves it from triviality. Peer Gynt, now a mature and experienced man, has a fully-formed life-philosophy which he has tested and found profitable, and which he on all occasions complacently expounds. He is "himself" now on principle, and the plan of "going round-about" has become a deliberate safeguard against the fatal danger of self-abnegation. He is thus able to emerge in triumph from reverses which would ruin a man of more elementary structure. When despoiled of his wealth, he turns prophet; and the unmasked prophet covers his retreat with the felt hat and note-book of the antiquary. He is driven to choose a new rôle, it is true, but that which he chooses is still himself. Thus he discovers the most incompatible occupations to be realisations of self, and imagines that he is fulfilling himself in new ways when he is only retreating to a new corner of the field of steadily diminishing possibilities. The law-defying adventurer prided himself on being "himself," but when effectually baffled, he finds that to observe law and order is still to be himself:

> "To live like a Christian is best, I see,
> To doff this peacock-like bravery,
> To deal as morals and law decree,
> Be oneself and, when one has ceased to breathe,
> Get a funeral sermon and funeral wreath."

And we hardly recognise the fantastic dreamer of the first acts in the unimaginative scholar who makes his dryasdust notes on the Memnon's song. Throughout the fourth act the psychological unity of the character must be allowed to become very nebulous; the man Peer dwindles to the type and his adventures to allegories. In the fifth act, however, we return to the North, and the imaginative quality at once grows ampler and richer. We rise through scene after scene of mingled pathos and humour to the exquisite if intellectually inadequate close. The act opens with the lurid swiftness and horror of a storm at sea, where Peer saves himself by the "half-sin" of bullying his last surviving competitor in the struggle for life into the devouring waves; then we listen, with Peer, to the funeral sermon of the peasant who had lived as wholly for himself as Peer,

* 'Peer Gynt: A Dramatic Poem.' By H. Ibsen. Authorised translation by W. and C. Archer. (Scott.)

but under the control of indomitable purpose instead of impulse, and had therefore remained a personality, and left a name; then to the counterpart of this, the grimly humorous scene where the versatile Peer, as he peels a wild onion, peels off in fancy one of his self-realisations after another, and finds that, as he never gets to the last layer of the onion, so there is no Self to reach. Then Nemesis begins to gather about the man; the scene changes to a devastated pinewood by night; and amid the ruin and the gloom, his own ruined possibilities, the deeds of his lost self, rise up and cry to him: "We are thoughts, you should have thought us! We are songs, you should have sung us!" But the elegiac wistfulness of this scene is cut short by the appearance of the redoubtable Button-moulder, an Aristophanic creation of Ibsen's, whose business it is to throw into the crucible those who, like Peer, "meant for a shining button on the world's vest," have frittered their "self" away, and can only supply the crude metal out of which new selves may be cast—the "middling sinners" who have only nibbled at crime, and thereby forfeited the dignity of damnation—

> "For to trudge through the mire is by no means enough,
> Your sinner is made of sterling stuff."

And so we reach the final scene, one of indescribable beauty, where he discovers Solveig, who has never lost faith in his coming, and makes, not now "roundabout," but straight, for the hut, to recover in her love his true self, while the Button-moulder in the background calls out a last, and probably futile, reminder. There is, no doubt, as some critics have urged, a certain analogy between this final rescue and that of Faust from Mephistophiles, in so far as both are at the last moment delivered from a fiend who has apparently made good his claim to possess them. But the resemblance does not go deep. In 'Faust' the solution is mainly ethical, turns mainly upon his own moral regeneration—"*wer immer strebend sich bemüht, Den können wir erlösen!*"—only in part upon the interposing heavenly love; whereas in 'Peer Gynt,' as Mr. Archer fairly says, the ethical problem is shirked not solved, and the whole weight of the actual solution is thrown upon Solveig, who in her "Hope, and Faith, and Love" has guarded the lost soul intact, "as in God's thought he first sprang forth." It is worth noting in this connection that the memorable closing line of 'Faust' is quoted (or misquoted) in an earlier scene. "Anitra," cries Peer to the daughter of the desert,

> "I feel thee magnetic, for I am a man;
> And as a much-esteemed author has phrased it:
> 'Das Ewig-weibliche ziehet uns an.'"

This daring liberty or extraordinary lapse has puzzled Ibsen's translators, and Mr. Archer, as he explains in a footnote, has "ventured to restore the exact wording of Goethe's lines." But it is incredible that Ibsen, for nearly a generation resident in Germany, should have allowed a blunder "gross as a mountain, open, palpable" to stand in edition after edition if it was *his* blunder. The truth surely is, as we have always thought, that the blunder is Peer Gynt's, and what in fact could be more ludicrously and exquisitely in keeping with his character? Goethe's sublime thought he could not, at this Anitra-stage of his growth, possibly apprehend; she attracts, but by no means exalts him; "*zieht uns an*" (attracts) is therefore both what he means, and all that he is capable of meaning; while "*zieht uns hinan*" is at once beyond his intelligence and beside his purpose.

In the translation before us Mr. William Archer and his brother have conferred a great obligation upon the whole of that large section of the English world which is interested, with or without knowledge, in Ibsen. It will perhaps be most useful to those who have already made themselves at home in the fantastic palace of the original poem, but have not mastered, as the unaided explorer scarcely can, all its intricate by-ways. The translators modestly call their work a "crib," and it has the saving merit of the crib—fidelity—without the baldness by which in the sublunary crib it is mostly bought; while Mr. Wilson's makeshift version of the companion drama 'Brand' must be said to be rather bald without being minutely true. The one great sacrifice of rhyme, which they have deliberately made, has enabled them to reproduce with singular vividness almost every other characteristic of the form—the free and rapid rhythms, the pithy brevity of phrase, the rich and pregnant vocabulary. Some half dozen passages have struck us as incompletely successful in one or other of these points: the peasant woman who remarks of Ase, "She is utterly demented" (p. 23), did not learn this fine phrase from her counterpart in the original; and the music of such a line of four beats as "*Right through all this from where you stand to her*" (p. 109), is a matter of doubtful choice among various inept possibilities. But such things are scarce perceptible blemishes, and both the spirit of the whole and the flavour of the details are as a rule wonderfully well preserved. We may instance especially the fine renderings of Ase's death-scene, of Peer Gynt's song, "Jeg stængte for mit Paradis," and of the whole last Act. A word of recognition is also due for the Appendix and the too rare notes. Perhaps we ought to add that the versions of two of the short passages given above are not taken from the present volume.

C. H. HERFORD.

BUDDHISM PRIMITIVE AND PRESENT IN MAGADHA AND IN CEYLON.*

Dr. Copleston has made an important contribution to our knowledge of Buddhism. An Orientalist familiar with the original texts, and a resident in the midst of a Buddhist population, he is in a position to throw light both upon the history and upon the present developments of that great system. He aims at treating the subject in a way at once popular enough to interest the general reader, and accurate enough to be of value to the scholar. If anything, the interests of the general reader are sacrificed to those of the scholar. But any intelligent person will find in Dr. Copleston's volume much which will both interest and instruct him, and there is no part of the volume which any reader will feel disposed to omit. The spirit in which the subject is treated manifests not merely the impartiality of the scholar and the man of research, but something of the generous but never overdone delight of a sound-hearted Christian who, "in many a noble aspiration or passage of beauty and truth, thankfully adores the teaching of that Divine Word who has ever been everywhere the Light of the World, and of that Holy Spirit who has never ceased to move with life-giving influence over the chords of human thought." While he cordially recognises the Christian character of many of the Buddhist precepts, he is not blind to the essentially selfish character of the kindliness they enjoin, nor to the unsatisfactory blemishes in their ideal, nor does he fail to note that even in the peculiarly Buddhist virtues the followers of Gotama in Ceylon fail in a degree that is "shocking and all but incredible to persons who have lived only in Christian countries." His general estimate of the system will no doubt be condemned as uncharitably low by those among ourselves who keep in the fashion by paying a kind of dilettante respect to Buddhism, for he says, "I cannot, for my part, rank this system, regarded as a theory of human life and action, with the best of those which, apart from Divine revelation, men have formed."

The features of the volume which lend it importance, and which will secure for it a permanent place, are the criticism it brings to bear on the authorities for the life of Buddha and the history of his followers, the ascertainment of dates and turning-points in the development of the system, and the account of Buddhism in Ceylon. Dr. Copleston shows that the oldest biography of Gotama can claim in its present form no higher antiquity than the fourth century of our era; that is to say, the ninth century from the death of its subject. There are, however, imbedded in this biography older fragments, and Dr. Copleston makes it his business to eliminate the core of fact from the accretions which have buried it. This is accomplished with a steadier hand than M. Sénart some time ago brought to the task; and the result is that we have, not a brilliant romance such as 'The

* 'Buddhism Primitive and Present in Magadha and in Ceylon.' By Reginald Stephen Copleston, D.D., Bishop of Colombo. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

Light of Asia' gives us, but a trustworthy if bald narrative. It should further be noticed as characteristic of this volume that there is nowhere accessible to the general reader, if even to the scholar, so clear an account of Asoka or so just an estimate of the relation of his rock-inscriptions to the history of Buddhism. Indeed, no more significant hint is thrown out in this suggestive volume than that which is contained in the following words: "Compared with the solid reality of Asoka, the records which are preserved of the Buddha himself are but a shadowy tradition. And as the great king's history becomes better known, men will be tempted to speculate whether Buddhism owes more to Gotama than to Moggali (the leader of the Buddhist community in Asoka's time); to ask how far what is definite in the history of Bimbisára's days is a reflection thrown back on the mist of the past from the greater epoch of Asoka." MARCUS DODS.

LYRIC LOVE.*

Anthologies are liable to a kind of criticism which is hardly fair—criticism, not on the quality of what they admit, but on what they leave out. If a reader's individual tastes or idiosyncrasies be not reflected, if his peculiar friends are omitted, he is apt to think them slighted. But the compiler's own individualities and partialities must find vent too, especially if he be a very good or very bad anthologist. And space is precious, and anthologies, at least in our own and a few other tongues, are always in Volume I.; so that criticism is better employed in scanning the contents than regretting the omissions. Mr. Watson's collection has a distinct individuality; it is fastidious and unconventional. It is gathered from many ages, and, considering its size, very full recognition is given in it to the poetry of the present day, to singers of great and little fame. Yet he does not strike the whole diapason of Lyric Love, or some notes sound weakly and uncertainly. Love regretting, longing, sighing, teasing, aspiring, mourning is here, but love at white heat, love an overwhelming passion, love in its wilder, gustier moods, hardly at all. Marlowe's magnificent lines, "Was this the face that launched a thousand ships?" are given, but these are but a reflection of reflected passion, after all. Browning contributes the title, and nothing else. There are no words of Swinburne.

The candour of the preface is admirable. It is a wholesome and well-timed reproof of affectation. But it tells, perhaps, of more than sincerity, and betokens a certain want of appreciation or a limited acquaintanceship. Of course, we have had a vast amount of Elizabethan rubbish shot at us, and foolish persons have accepted it as fine metal; but that is no reason for saying that the lyrical poetry of the days of Elizabeth and James was unreal and trivial, "with a few splendid and memorable exceptions." From that rich mine the pickings might have been a little more numerous here, since the theme is love. For, say, Ford's "There is a lady sweet and kind," or Dowland's "Toss not, my soul," or Fletcher's "Oh, fair, sweet face, oh, eyes celestial bright," we would give a few, not many, of those to which Mr. Watson has affixed his seal. "Edith and Harold," for instance, and Shelley's "To Edward Williams," and "Godfrid to Olive," and Mr. Pollock's "Conquest," and Mr. Blunt's "To Juliet," and perhaps, also, "Airly Beacon," all good in their way, would not be severely missed. These are in the section "Love's Tragedies," the least successful. From the other sections we would hardly spare any willingly, always excepting

> "Three, only three, my darling,
> Separate, solemn, slow,"

of a vulgar inferiority absolutely alone in the book.

As to smaller details, the notes are a little haphazard, and even in a short collection like this it would not have been superfluous to have added an index under authors' names. But when all is said, the selection is an excellent one. It would be almost impossible, for instance, to improve on the choice from Burns, Tennyson, and Coventry Patmore, and if at times the editor seems to pick with too sparing a hand, and at others to be seized with a sudden leniency, there is little ground for cavil where the result has so fair a tint and flavour. G-Y.

* 'Lyric Love: An Anthology.' Edited by William Watson. Golden Treasury Series. (Macmillan and Co.) 2s. 6d. net.

SKETCHES FROM EASTERN HISTORY.*

Though Eastern history and the Eastern mind be more familiar to us now than they used to be, any additional light thrown on them by one who can be relied on is always welcome. The essays in this volume may be called popular, but they are the popular talks of one who is a scientific expert, and who lays aside his academic robes for the time to entertain and instruct a general audience. Behind what is formally allowed to flow forth there is a fulness which is repressed, and which runs over only in an allusion, an innuendo, or a sarcasm. The first essay is devoted to the characteristics of the Semitic race. Since Renan's brilliant sketch of these characteristics in his 'Histoire Générale,' those who followed have contented themselves with correcting and toning down the rather exaggerated features of his picture without attempting a new one. Nöldeke is not over partial to the Semite. There is a streak of anti-Semitism in most Germans. Still, the obligations which the Semites have laid mankind under, and their contributions to the common intellectual and moral treasures of the race, are acknowledged. If without the consecutive thought which creates philosophies and rears the splendid fabrics of science, they have a genial realism on the one hand and a faculty of intuition on the other which distinguishes them above other races; they are inimitable story-tellers, eminent in poetry, and above all have endowed mankind with the religion that has created civilization. The claims of the Hebrews in this last respect are scarcely acknowledged by Nöldeke without a certain grudge. "I take it," he says, "that the heroes of Marathon laid the world under a debt of obligation by no means less deep than did the armies of the Maccabees." Marathon was a conflict of Europe against Asia, and the interests at stake were great; the wars of the Maccabees were a conflict of Jehovah against Zeus, and upon the whole to mankind the issues were more momentous.

The next three essays, on the Koran, on Islam, and on the Caliph Mansùr, are the most important in the volume. The history of the composition of the Koran is of interest chiefly because its successive parts enable us to follow the progress of Mohammed's mind. This progress unhappily, in all that is mentally highest, was a retrogression. Mohammed was at his best in Mecca, though at his ablest and astutest in Medina. Nöldeke does not make a hero of him. Shrewd, persistent, an opportunist, able to swallow an affront till he could safely avenge it, with a certain fascination of personality which made him a born ruler of men, the elements called heroic were wholly wanting in him. Even beside such men as Abubekr and Omar, his earliest converts, he cuts a sorry figure; and compared to the founder of Buddhism he is a moral dwarf, stunted and deformed. The profoundest elements in Christianity, such as the death of Christ, were unintelligible to him, and he could only deny their reality. There is one thing in this interesting essay which may be quoted as "an admonition to those who will take warning." In his youthful History of the Koran, Nöldeke made free use of the critical scalpel, and dismembered many a passage; maturer experience has convinced him that the application of European logic to Eastern compositions is not the shortest road to truth.

Within a short compass it would be hard to find a more instructive account of the history of Mohammedanism than the essay on Islam. The surface of that history has little religious meaning; the rulers, with few exceptions, cared nothing for the faith. But underneath among the populations movements of mind, speculative and mystical, went on, almost parallel to those within Christianity. It was not among the conquering Arabs so much as among the subject races that this fermentation revealed itself. The sense of God, indeed, in the Arab mind was sometimes an intoxication, an exaltation of spirit that put such a strain upon the cords of life that they snapped; but it was the more fertile natures of the races not of Arab blood that offered a soil on which Islam might bring forth, if it was capable, fruits that would be for the healing of the nations. It is here that its claims to be a world-religion must be judged, and the question answered whether it can possess and fill and

* 'Sketches from Eastern History.' By Theodor Nöldeke. Translated by J. Sutherland Black, M.A. (London and Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black.)

use the human mind on all its sides. The history of Islam is crowded with great personalities, whose adventures and changes of fortune are stranger than romance. The web is shot through everywhere with the tragic, and all over splatched with blood. One episode, the history of the family of Ali, has great resemblance to that of the Stuarts. The same incapacity and want of readiness characterised the Alids themselves, the same disastrous issue followed every enterprise, and the same romantic devotion, deepened by misfortune almost to a religion, distinguished their adherents.

The remaining essays will well repay perusal. The translation by Mr. Black is not only accurate, but singularly lucid and idiomatic English. A. B. DAVIDSON.

A SHETLAND POET.*

Intrinsic excellence can push its way through greater difficulties than dialect, and though in 'Rasmie's Büddie' there are hard nuts, hard even for a Scot, yet as a nut-cracker has been provided in the shape of a good glossary, the worth of these poems should not be in danger of being overlooked. By aid of the glossary it will be seen that all the interest is not confined to the strange outer garb, interesting though that be from a philological point of view. There is genuine poetry in the book. Taking number into consideration, the humorous poems are perhaps the best. "Sensible ta da Last," the verses in praise of "Stap," which epicures should read as a guide to a new sensation to the palate, the unconventional Jubilee ode to "Wheen Victorey," "Da Pairtin," are full of a humour fresh and delightful; but "Booçin Baabie" is the gem. It is an outburst against the ceaseless, inconvenient energy of a bustling housewife:

"Ill-trift sit in her restliss haands,
I tink shü'll never tire.

Hoots! haddee, lass! lat be mi clugs,
Ta dee aa-thing is bruk,
So! proge no in aboot mi feet
Du'll sweep awa da luck."

Even those inspired by graver subjects have all a touch of humour about them. As a rule the serious ones are less successful, with a few exceptions which show, besides the gentle reflectiveness common to them all, genuine lyrical power. No little difficulty of dialect can hide the beauty of "Da Deeps" or of "Da Restit Fire," with its beautiful imagery of Night and Death doing their gentle part by humankind. Night

"taks da braands o human haet
O duty, o desire,
An wi saft slumber for a paet
Shü rests dem laek da fire

Sae, whin we're heckled aa da rodd,
An every limb sall tire,
Aald Death he'll sit wi aessy-brod
An rest wir grain o fire."

KANT'S KRITIK OF JUDGMENT.†

As Dr. Bernard remarks, it is somewhat surprising that this is the first complete translation of the 'Kritik der Urtheilskraft' which has appeared in England. Till within recent years, however, the class of subjects with which the work deals attracted comparatively little attention in this country. The interest in matters of art, which is so noticeable among us to-day, is a thing of very modern development, due in great measure to the reading of Ruskin and the influence of the so-called æsthetic movement. We have all at once become an artistic nation, or would fain believe ourselves such, and thrown ourselves with lively enthusiasm into the discussion of æsthetic problems. Questions like the relation of art and morality, or the nature of beauty and taste, have come to compete with politics and the cholera as topics for the columns of our reviews and the conversation of our dinner-tables. Art, in fact, has become the mode, and a knowledge of things artistic, or, at all events, an ability to talk about them, a social necessity.

The present moment would therefore seem peculiarly opportune for bringing before us the views set forth upon the subject by the greatest of modern philosophers. It were scarcely, indeed, to be expected that the light-hearted amateur should consent to the drudgery of attacking an author like Kant, especially when Mr. Oscar Wilde is so much better adapted for conversational purposes; but setting aside the mere drawing-room trifler, there is no doubt that at the present day there are a number of people in England who take a real and serious interest in the philosophy of art, and to such, no less than to students of pure philosophy, this translation of the 'Kritik of Judgment' should be of genuine service. The 'Kritik,' it is true, is not without its blemishes. Like all Kant's works, it suffers from his crabbed style and tedious habit of iteration, and its conclusions upon matters of art are sometimes questionable, showing the author stronger in philosophic analysis than artistic insight. Nor is it anything like a complete treatise on æsthetics, but it sets forth with masterly analytic power those fundamental principles, without a correct understanding of which any sound theorising upon art is impossible.

Summed up briefly, the work may be said to consist of the application of the methods of the Critical Philosophy to the Judgment, æsthetical and teleological, and the establishment of *à priori* principles of Taste. Starting from an elaborate analysis of the Beautiful and the Sublime it proceeds to the Deduction of Æsthetical Judgments, and discusses the nature of Art, of Genius, of the relation between Art and Morality, and of the various arts with one another. The second part of the book, which is devoted to the Teleological Judgment, discusses the existence and explanation of Purpose in Nature, and, it is worth noting, contains some curious anticipations of modern evolutionist theories. In some respects it is one of the most readable of Kant's works, by reason of its abundant illustrations and somewhat discursive method. Owing to the nature of the subject the tone is somewhat less abstract than, for instance, in the 'Kritik of Pure Reason.' We come upon many shrewd observations upon human nature, and even one or two funny stories. We find, moreover, evidence of a feeling for natural beauty which we should scarcely have suspected the author of possessing.

In translating Kant Dr. Bernard had a difficult task, and he has performed it well. His inclination to sacrifice literary quality to fidelity of rendering gives his translation occasionally a somewhat German flavour, but his English is quite readable, and, considering the obscurity of the original, very clear. Moreover, so far as we have tested his work, we have found it careful and accurate. His introduction, containing a short summary of Kant's doctrine, and pointing out the points where it is weak, is succinct and good.

THE TOILERS OF THE FIELDS.*

Under this name have been collected, from *Fraser's* and *Longman's* Magazines and some newspapers, various essays and sketches by Richard Jefferies, which have not hitherto appeared in book form. This habit of gleaning the very last ears from a writer's harvest is growing on us, and the results are not always happy. Yet there is no need to cavil here. The papers will add little, if anything, to Jefferies' reputation. They are not unworthy; they merely strike no new note. But the first section of the book, containing the sketches of "The Farmer at Home," "The Labourer's Daily Life," "Field-Faring Women," etc., has a distinct value of its own, which value is not all literary. They are written in the clear business-like English which he knew well how to use, without any kind of artistic arrangement or selection. Their object was quite other than literary. He set himself the task of describing life, and work, and dwelling-places in rural England as he knew them, and went about it with a cold-blooded faithfulness, omitting few details, giving dress, and food, and furniture, as if he were drawing up a report for another race or for a later generation. He was in reality doing so. Jefferies had, for a poet, a rare power of seeing hard realities side by side with entrancing beauty, and of not allowing the light or blight of the one to efface the truth

*'Rasmie's Büddie.' Poems in the Shetlandic. By J. J. Haldane Burgess, M.A. (Alexander Gardner.)

† Kant's 'Kritik of Judgment.' Translated, with Introduction and Notes, by J. H. Bernard, D.D. (London: Macmillan.)

* 'The Toilers of the Fields.' By Richard Jefferies. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

of the other. In most of his moods his judgment was singularly fair and sober. And it is so here even when he is painting the Anglo-Saxon nature at perhaps its lowest development. "In the life of the English agriculturist there is absolutely no poetry, no colour," sums up a good part of his evidence, and yet he has no romantic love for picturesque hovels; his strictures on these read like the report of a sanitary inspector. If his tone be melancholy it is far from hopeless, and the virtues that survive the hard conditions of rural poverty he chronicles as conscientiously as the vices. What he says here he said again, in a more finished style and perhaps more strikingly, but this bald, direct version will appeal forcibly to the fact-hunting mind. The fragments at the end, including the study for "The Pageant of Summer," are of little consequence. Jefferies surpassed them in their own line so immeasurably. But those that constitute the principal section of the book, which show him as a kind of verbatim reporter, were worth rescuing for their valuable evidence on several sides of English rural life in the latter half of the nineteenth century.

LACHRYMÆ MUSARUM, AND OTHER POEMS.*

At the end of this volume is an advertisement of Mr. Watson's former poems, with extracts from various reviews. These scraps are always pleasant reading to one who has himself criticised the book, because, while they point out how far he is at sea, they remind him that warier pilots are not always safe in port. With a certain grateful surprise I find that my estimate of Mr. Watson's sterling merits is corroborated by more authentic authority, but I still venture to think that his diction and versification, so far from being uniformly "perfect" and melodious, are at times harsh, rugged, and even bald. But I now suspect that they are so designedly, and that at rare intervals, for the sake of variety, he adopts peculiar methods and licences of which I fail to see the justification or the felicity. To take but one instance—here on page 43 he closes a fine stanza with the word "emissary," accented on the penultimate. So, too, in diction and thought he sometimes for a moment verges on prose, and approaches within a hundred leagues of bathos. Thus, in the climax of his poem on Columbus, he sings:

> "When shall the world forget
> Thy glory and our debt,
> Indomitable soul,
> Immortal Genoese?"

Here I am just very distantly reminded of the opening of a poem on St. Paul's, attached to an old engraving: "Stupendous structure, mouldering walls! Cathedral Church! O thou St. Paul's!" Is it certain that Columbus was a Genoese at all, and if he was, how does that bear on his immortality? Other passages could be picked out to show that uniform perfection is, fortunately, not Mr. Watson's chief claim to distinction. But enough—whether they be involuntary or designed, these lapses are at least a safeguard against mellifluous monotony.

The author of 'Wordsworth's Grave' still pursues the elegiac path which he there struck out for himself. Here he deals with Tennyson, Shelley, Lamb, and Coleridge. His peculiar method is to compress into vigorous and refined verse an ample, reasoned, and acute criticism. This method is admirably fancied and successfully carried out. The secret of the great poets is brought nearer to us thus revealed in poetry and by a poet. 'Lachrymæ Musarum,' a threnody on the death of Tennyson, though the most ambitious piece, is in some respects the least satisfactory. It contains many fine thoughts, fine judgments, and fine lines. Take this, for instance:

> "But far beyond our vision and our hail
> Is heard for ever and is seen no more."

A hundred poets have said this before, but not one half so well. As a whole, however, the piece has two shortcomings. It is in places something like a tesselation of reminiscences of other poets, mainly of Tennyson himself; for instance, several of his famous passages are recalled in the last four lines alone. "Extort her crimson secret from the rose," "What needs his laurel our ephemeral tears?" and many other lines sound in our ears like amended echoes of older bards, or at least remind us that Mr. Watson's memory is saturated with all that has flowed purest from the English Helicon. In more than one passage he approaches very closely to the manner of Keats; but though he so frequently borrows the phrases and epithets of Tennyson, his style is never pseudo-Tennysonian. It is, however, rather in its matter and content that the poem falls short. This was perhaps inevitable. Odes on the death of anybody are much like funeral sermons. *De mortuis nil nisi optimum.* Criticism naturally degenerates into panegyric, and Mr. Watson permits himself certain exaggerations about Tennyson, both as a man and a poet, which would be hard to substantiate. The long episode on page 3 is hackneyed and tiresome, but really one hardly sees how it could be left out, because a threnody on a poet would not be complete without the usual reception of the deceased in the Shades, and the usual enumeration of the pre-deceased bards who step up to shake hands. But is it not time we dropped this fashion? Some people believe that Lord Tennyson has gone to the Heaven of good, great men; some who regard his poetic toils as but a "sinful snare" may hint at a darker fate; others may think that he has gone just nowhere at all; but surely no one now seriously believes that he has gone to reside in a sort of College of poets tenanted by such oddly assorted Fellows as "Catullus and Theocritus, Milton and Wordsworth." Nor would any one who knows what poets are to poets aspire to such a Heaven. The poets torn from their publishers would set up as mutual critics, more censorious than if they "had failed in literature and art." I doubt whether "bright Keats would beseech to touch" Lord Tennyson's "raiment"—as why should he? or that "Coleridge, his locks aspersed with fairy foam," would "his equal friendship crave." But I am perfectly certain that Dante would never stretch out "his gaunt right hand" to his lordship or any other modern rival. Well, the sorry game is not yet played out, so Mr. Watson is not to blame for giving us positively the last performance; yet I could wish that he had closed with something stronger than:

> "And godlike spirits hail him guest in speech
> Of Athens, Florence, Weimar, Stratford, Rome,"

of which thus much only will I remark, that as Chaucer has been enumerated in the catalogue above and Shakespeare has not, one is a little in doubt which Stratford is meant, the more so as Stratford-on-Avon had no peculiar language while we know that Stratford-at-Bow had.

The next poem, the 'Dream of Man,' is in the daring manner of Mr. Kipling's 'Tomlinson.' It will strike many and appal some. The picture of God, *desœuvré* and bored by His own omnipotence, envying the "strivings and death in victory" of Man, may perhaps approve itself to the passing whim of popular religiosity, but surely it is not the last word of speculation, nor the best, or truest. Equally far from finality are the beautiful verses on the 'Greek Misgiving.' The poem on 'Shelley's Centenary' is excellent in form, and singularly well sustained to the end. It is somewhat high strung, but does justice, if not more than justice, to Shelley's genuine merits. Though spirited, the lines in rebuke of Mr. O. Wilde strike one as too serious—it is like smashing a tiresome little flea with a steam-hammer.

Of the other pieces we can only notice a few. The unrhymed poem is a remarkable *tour de force*, but after all one cannot help missing the rhymes. 'Reluctant Summer' is trivial, and its metaphors not such as Mr. Watson usually uses. As a finished lyric, the piece called 'Night' is perfection, but to my thinking the two gems of the book are 'The Fugitive Ideal' and 'The Things that are more Excellent.' The latter is one of those noble poems, full and sweeping in their flow, eloquent in their outspoken truth, imperial in their sober, wholesome sense, which are the peculiar glory of English poetry. 'The Fugitive Ideal' is but two stanzas, but they are precious. In character and excellence it stands beside 'The Glimpse,' which was printed in the former volume. None can doubt that he

*'Lachrymæ Musarum, and other Poems.' By William Watson. (Macmillan.) Price 4s. 6d.

who has thus twice moulded a noble thought into such a beautiful pathetic form, and then translated it into verse so absolutely, so exquisitely perfect, is a poet indeed.

Y. Y.

GENTLEMAN UPCOTT'S DAUGHTER.*

Is some old friend of standing and repute masquerading as Tom Cobbleigh, some tale-writer long assured of success, trying his fortune anew under this undignified name, for the fun of the thing, or to revivify old sensations? 'Gentleman Upcott's Daughter' may be the work of a new hand, but the new hand has learnt his craft well somewhere. Little bit of a sketch as it is of West Country life, it is a book of genuine humour. There are rustics in it that smack of the soil. They are not so full of reasoning as are Mr. Hardy's, but there is a wealth of expression in their inarticulateness. We should like to quote at length the journey of the Upcott's waggon and household goods to Marston, or Uncle Granger's party, and some other pages as well, but space only permits us to point to where these may be found. As a story it is slight; the incidents are, however, a good enough background to the studies in human nature. "Studies" is a heavy word, and there is nothing consciously studious in the way "Mr. Cobbleigh" looks at and handles his people. He has a light hand, and in spite of some passages that show a sense of the shadow that dogs human life even in remote and peaceable and idyllic English villages, the pervading impression is one of comedy. Of the characters there are none superfluous, and none of them are puppets. The writer knows human nature very well, laughs at it, and feels kindly towards it. Uncle Granger, cautious, astute, imperturbable, is as living an old gentleman as any you are like to meet on the high road any day. Biddlecombe, the clever, misshapen, contemptuous miller, forces you to remember him. The "keen intelligence gleaming through his distorted frame had seen that Life has nothing but folly and knavery. The most of men were able-bodied fools." There is a haunting picture of his loneliness when he has driven forth his well-beloved son George. Still more successful is Upcott, high-handed, loud-spoken, sanguine, blusteringly vain, and everlastingly unsuccessful. The work in the book is, throughout, good, honest, and artistic, and the pleasure to be got from it is, therefore, unusual.

G-Y.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY VIGNETTES.†

By these 'Vignettes' Mr. Dobson will scatter the dust from some of our rarely visited book-shelves, and give life again to old brown fusty-looking volumes, whose souls most of us thought had fled for ever. The old books have not been dead to Mr. Dobson, nor even been lightly covered with dust, and it will be a wonder if he does not charm many of his readers to live in the world of a hundred years ago even longer than is required to read his volume. There should forthwith be a stirring in odd corners of libraries. These 'Vignettes' are neither biographies nor critical studies. They attempt to revive the scenes in which some men and women that have become to many of us but shadows of names lived and walked and talked: in several instances this plan is carried out in great detail, notably in 'A Day at Strawberry Hill' and 'Old Vauxhall Gardens,' and, by-the-by, there is a fine engraving of the latter: in more summary fashion, but with marked success, in the pictures of Dick Steele riding from Whitehall to the Park with his "Ruler," his "absolute Governesse," and in the farewell of Fielding before his voyage to Lisbon. There are other pictures in which Mr. Dobson's constructive powers are not put to the test, but which are written in the words of contemporaries, and culled from memoirs, letters, and journals. The extracts from Steele's letters are exquisite. One of the best shows poor Dick still adoring his "Governesse," but a little restive under her governance. "I Love you," he says, "better than the light of my Eyes, or the life-blood in my Heart, but when I have lett you know that, you are also to understand that neither my sight shall be so far inchanted or my affection so much master of me as to make me forgett our common Interest. To attend my businesse as I ought and improve my fortune, it is necessary that my time and my Will should be under no direction but my own."

The 'Female Quixote' is now forgotten. Mr. Dobson revives her memory, not in scorn, but recognising the possible qualities that made her a favourite of the four greatest writers of the day. He calls up the time when Johnson proposed a supper in her honour at the Ivy Lane Club. Is the modern literary supper as genuinely enjoyable? The "Quixote's" fête was an all-night sitting, but yet decorous. "The guests, to the number of near twenty, including Mrs. Lenox (for that was the lady's name), her husband, and a female acquaintance, assembled at the Devil at about eight o'clock in the evening. The supper is characterized as 'elegant,' a prominent feature in it being a 'magnificent hot apple-pye,' which, because Mrs. Lenox was also a minor poet, her literary foster-father had caused to be stuck with bay 'leaves.'" Johnson also "'encircled her brows' with a crown of laurel specially prepared by himself. These ceremonies completed, the company began to spend the evening 'in pleasant conversation and harmless mirth.'"

Among the other characters, beautiful, gay, witty, or bizarre, of whom glimpses are given, are Prior's Kitty, otherwise the Duchess of Queensberry, who carried on the lively correspondence with Swift, Spence of the 'Anecdotes,' "a good-natured, harmless little soul, but more like a silver penny than a genius," according to Horace Walpole, Hogarth's wife, his Sigismunda, and Captain Coram of Foundling fame. The volume is full of memories for book-lovers, and if some modern reflections that have slipped in be not of Mr. Dobson's best, these are brief enough to be forgiven, and rare enough in no way to disturb the old-world scenes among which it is a refreshment to wander.

NOVEL NOTES, &c.

THE HEIR PRESUMPTIVE AND THE HEIR APPARENT. 3 vols. 31s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

Mrs. Oliphant forestalls a very likely criticism in the preface to her newly published novel. Of late her books seem to have been treading on each other's heels, and she fears the critics will be severe on the "hurry in composition which is alike disrespectful to the common patron [the public] and derogatory to one's self." Her explanation is that in these days editors and syndicates have absolute power as to the time an author's works shall be published, and if two books appear almost simultaneously, there is no reason for thinking they were written almost together. She is a little pathetic over the virtue which it has been her critics' habit to credit her with, industry. She would prefer to disclaim it in works of art, but at all events she will not have us think that her industry ever degenerates into carelessness.

Perhaps not. The limpid, careless, unstudied flow of her later style could not mean elaboration, of course; but it never shocks you by external slovenliness. The disappointment she prepares consists in your being given a really excellent situation, in your interest being sustained through vol. I. allowed to die out during vol. II. and being only a vague memory by the middle of vol. III. The novel with this clumsy title has just such a good situation to start with, the marriage of a vulgar-minded, ambitious woman to the heir-presumptive of the old bachelor Lord Frogmore. The situation develops effectively when the old lord determines to marry, to the injury of the heir-presumptive and his family. The after incidents, a mixture of melodrama and stodgy domesticity, drag wearily on. Truly the three volume form is a dangerous opportunity when good material runs short.

DON ORSINO. By F. Marion Crawford. 3 vols. 31s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

"The young man of the Transition Period" interests Mr. Marion Crawford, and so he has written 'Don Orsino.'

* 'Gentleman Upcott's Daughter.' By Tom Cobbleigh. "Pseudonym Library." 1s. 6d. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

† 'Eighteenth Century Vignettes.' By Austin Dobson. (Chatto and Windus.)

He must be a difficult young man to catch, for evidently Mr. Crawford has not caught him. The book is full of information about life in Rome at the present day, about political parties, social prejudices, and modern Italian ideals, or the want of them. All this has the look of being very valuable, but the Marchesa Theodoli's recent story, 'Under Pressure,' gives one a clearer, if less up to date, and less elaborate picture. The story, an uncommonly dull one, turns on the commercial speculations in which the young Prince Saracinesca, Don Orsino, becomes involved by way of making a career for himself, and on his love-story, which is a muddle. Madame Aranjuez d'Aragona is a blur; her origin and history are blurs, and the story of Spicca, the cynical duellist, accepting out of a spirit of devotion the responsibility of her paternity, is wild and incongruous. But the improbabilities do not account for the dulness. Mr. Crawford makes a reflection about young men who imagine complications of character where they do not exist. "The passion for analysis discovers what it takes for new simple elements in humanity's motives, and often ends by feeding itself in the effort to decompose what is not composite." He might be talking of his own methods in 'Don Orsino.' Out of really simple materials he has made mountains of difficulties. The characters analyse themselves and each other, and are analysed, and speak darkly at cross purposes in an aggravatingly wearisome fashion. The author would have us believe in the fine sword-play of the conversation, the passes, the veiled thrusts, in the "cutting things," Don Orsino says. As a fact, the conversations are lengthy and dull. The thrusts end in misses, and the fine play is not there. This soulless cynical kind of subject does not suit Mr. Crawford. He demands a more genial atmosphere than that which would seem to surround the Transition Young Man.

CAPT'N DAVY'S HONEYMOON, Etc. By Hall Caine. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

The first story here would make a very good three-act comedy. The scenery and accessories are picturesque—nautical costumes, a seaport, an Isle of Man Arcadia, pipes and grog in an alehouse, and an elegant lady's boudoir as a counter-balance. Strongly seasoned speech, too, no doubt of an authentic kind. The cross purposes, the asides, the loud tones of Davy, his noble sentiments, the fine lady airs of Mrs. Davy, and the sauciness of Jenny Crow, all appeal to the amateur, and might tempt him to believe they are within his scope. There are some excellent scenes in the story, however, and some genuine humour which he would probably miss.

PLAYTHINGS AND PARODIES. By Barry Pain. (Cassell and Co.)

Mr. Barry Pain does not go back. The present volume of collected sketches is perhaps more uniformly good in quality than either of his previous ones. He is certainly making his claim good to be one of the amusers of society, and not as a buffoon but as a humourist. But these sketches show better separately than in a collection. There is considerable variety of subject, but a certain monotony in the effect. Given an omnipresent undersurface of melancholy or worthlessness to everything, Mr. Pain seems to say: Come, let us find how amusing is the upper crust. And he does so. The result is a certain sameness, which becomes dispiriting in the end; so, in fairness to him, his volume should not be swallowed whole. He has, of course, other methods. In the satires or drolleries called "Pets," he seems to reduce you first to a state of unresisting weakness. Then you are at his mercy, and you laugh. There is something not quite legitimate in this, and we feel on safer ground in bestowing praise on the imitations of Rudyard Kipling, Tolstoi, and others, for which he has a pretty gift, and especially on the "Sketches in London," where he shows a quick eye for the character of things animate and inanimate, and which are written in excellent style.

AN EXQUISITE FOOL. 6s. (Osgood.)

'An Exquisite Fool' is a sadly foolish story, by which is meant no reproach to its anonymous writer. It is a story of a sadly foolish life, with a uselessly sad, and yet not improbable ending. Helen Bromley, fool or not, is exquisite, fastidious, elegant, and with fine perceptions where dress, society, and literature are concerned. The only man she ever really cared for and respected, and who admired her exquisiteness to the full, told her brutally enough that this characteristic was nothing to be proud of, after all, but only a pretty coating for the vulgarity of a soul that would sell all, not for beauty, but for elegance and luxury. Helen has a rather sordid history, which would sound only coarsely melodramatic if summarised. The book is a study of character, of three characters, Helen the exquisite; Lidderdale, whom we have met often before, a reserved, admiring, but always critical and cautious literary man; and Euphemia, Helen's daughter by her first unhappy marriage—a certain type of English girl, healthy but a little lymphatic, rather stupid, wholesome, and delicate of mind, wanting in the outer exquisiteness of her unhappy and brilliant mother. The story is perhaps the misfortune of the book, but the characters, situations, and conversations are handled with surehandedness and strength.

A PHANTOM FROM THE EAST. By Pierre Loti. 3s. 6d. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

Miss J. E. Gordon has translated Loti's 'Fantôme de l'Orient,' and has done it very well. Loti loses much in translation, as do all whose ideas are vague, or whose speech is by preference of vague things—his case. But his translator has been sympathetic. It is a strange little story, with little story in it at all. He had left the beautiful little Aziyadé behind him in the East, and after ten years a dream keeps haunting him. He sees the towers and minarets of Stamboul, and a phantom shape is ever calling him to return. Then he journeys there, and his journey is like a dream, and he wanders about in his old haunts in what seems like a dream, vainly trying to find a trace of her whom his dream has prepared him to find dead. He learns at last of how she died, "in spring, and they carried her away in the evening," and he goes to her grave in the old cemetery of Stamboul. Then comes his dream-like departure and his return to a waking world. The haunting dream never comes back; the little phantom is at rest. Loti's idiosyncrasies and individuality were never more clearly displayed than here. Never was he so absolutely, wilfully, complacently self-conscious. Hardly ever has he found apter words to express the vague filmy atmosphere his thought loves to dwell in.

TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY. By H. Newbolt. 1s. 6d. (Chatto and Windus).

Mr. Newbolt's story is one of cross purposes, conspiracy, and triumphant love. A young English naval officer is fraudulently drawn into a plot to rescue Napoleon from St. Helena. Innocent of any complicity, and absolutely loyal, he yet to all appearance consents, and the effort to keep up his ignorance and enmesh him in the toils, and, at the same time, embroil him with the fair Camilla, a conspirator also, but sensitive on the point of the hero's honour, strains the writer's powers to their utmost. It is an ingenious story, and were not the ingenuity too obvious, it would deserve even higher praise. There is one dramatic situation skilfully managed, where, at the entry of Jamestown, when the villain's success is at hand, and dishonour or death at Dick's throat, the air is cleared by the news of the Emperor's sudden death.

ORCHARDSCROFT. The Story of an Artist. By Elsa d'Esterre Keeling. (Unwin.)

THE STORY OF A CHILD. By Margaret Deland.

'Orchardscroft' is a proof how much good material can go to a thoroughly inferior novel. Miss Keeling has, judging from this and previous productions, some wit and poetical feeling, and an appreciation of human nature, especially on its unconventional side. Yet with these she has built up a tottering story. This 'Story of an Artist' is quite unworthy of its name, and is only noteworthy for the glimpse it gives of a child who is too much with us in the fiction of to-day. The "artist" Philip in his extreme youth is detestable, bound by every law to develop into a monstrosity, since he had not

the grace to die. The "interesting child" of the older novels, Paul Dombey and Little Nell, did die, and left regretful memories. The modern specimen, an aggravated species, does not die. In spite of its kinship with the eternities, it bores us to the very last chapter.

Miss Deland could give the patrons of this infantile monstrosity a lesson in child nature. Ellen, in 'The Story of a Child,' is a real, living bit of humanity, imaginative, self-conscious, rebellious, and simple all at once, as clever children are apt to be. They don't speak in poems, but there is a world of drama going on within their heads, and this Miss Deland has given words to, with real insight, which should blot out some of her former literary sins. The book is probably not meant for children. The love story of Jane Temple and Mr. Tommy would mystify them, and they would care little for the analysis of themselves.

ECSTASY. A STUDY OF HAPPINESS. By Louis Couperus. Translated by John Gray. (Henry and Co.)

Couperus is at the head of the Dutch sensitivist school, a more truly descriptive name than generally falls to the lot of a school. He is a master in the art of recording sensations, the vague feelings and gropings which practical people call moonshine. 'Ecstasy' is all moonshine. There is nothing to relieve it. Tolstoi, who used also to be a master in this manner, had so much else to give. Loti and Maeterlinck, to name two writers who are at least allied by the possession of this common power, have poetry superadded. The record of impressions, merely for themselves, is dull, and yet 'Ecstasy' has done what it set out to do marvellously. A dreary, refined, vaguely passionate woman, and a man with a dual nature, high, strong, and aspiring on the one hand, on the other, rough and brutal, influence each other, and produce in each other "ecstasy." The study of their happiness, not the events of it, but its sensations, makes up the book. They soon go apart; the man thinks it best, as he cannot answer that the ecstasy be not one day disturbed. And that is all there is in this exceedingly clever example of present day neurotic fiction.

A TANGLED WEB. By Lady Lindsay. 2 vols. (A. and C. Black.)

There is a certain immature charm about 'A Tangled Web,' the story of a girl's prank and its consequences. It is a rather unreal world that is presented, and most strangely do its people behave, but it is enlivened by a reflection from the sprightliness of the heroine, Lady Grissel. She is young, and is bored in her lonely castle in Scotland, and in revolt against a betrothal to her cousin in which she had no hand. So she comes to London as plain Marjory Smith, an Australian, and under the wing of Lady Bingham, a vulgar-minded schemer, is introduced to the "best society." Of course, but very improbably, she meets her cousin and falls in love with him, very improbably. He is also in revolt against the betrothal, for which he also is not responsible, and falls in love with Marjory Smith. The complications are trying, and there is one ugly page. But in spite of the improbability and want of balance about the story, it has the saving grace of freshness.

HOW LIKE A WOMAN. By Florence Marryat. 3 vols. (Griffith and Farran.)

It is not easy to say to whom the title of this amusing book refers, to the hero, or the heroine, or the Duke, or Sir Henry. Perhaps to the heroine, Rachel Saltoun, an heiress of boundless wealth and glorious millinery, who abhors the pomps and vanities of the world, and lives in rural seclusion, sometimes, who is rude in her manners, heroic in her speech, and obtuse in her perceptions. She adores art. Her affianced husband, a painter of the highest genius, in the full fervour of his devotion to her, goes so far as to say her pictures are "very fair," or something equally moderate. Granddaughter of a Duke, she does not flinch before marriage with the son of a tradesman—a hosier. This is noble, but it makes us just a little uncomfortable, especially as the hosier's name, Salter, is especially plebeian. But the last chapter explains all, and relieves us from an uneasy weight. "Who are you?" says the outraged Duke of Craig Morris to the hosier. "I am a Saltoun," replies the hosier. "My great-great-grandfather was Lord ——." And so everything ends comfortably. But before that Rachel goes through a deal of suffering, and becomes, for a Duke's granddaughter, quite reckless. "'I will get down here,' said Rachel, as she tottered from the cab. 'What a pity when they takes to it so young,' thought the cabman. Even had she heard the remark she would not have cared. She cared for nothing now except," etc. We cannot go on quoting from these volumes, so full of vivid emotion that the authoress has come to the end of her available English, and has been forced to have recourse to a considerable portion of the French language.

PLAY IN PROVENCE. By J. and E. Pennell. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

Mr. and Mrs. Pennell have been exercising their double gift once more; we should rather say their triple gift, for their industry is a very distinctive quality. The best thing about their latest book, 'Play in Provence,' is the assurance it gives that the beauties of the South, of the land of Mistral, are not likely to be vulgarised. Painters are a numerous race, and swarm to Nîmes and Avignon and Martigues, but they are a harmless species of tourist. Next best are the pictures, delicately suggestive of the grey and white and sunny land. The account of the playing is pleasantly conversational, but of course it is the account of tourists, artist-tourists, to whom the language is unknown, and by whom the life is seen in short tourist glimpses or through the eyes of Mistral and Daudet. The tolerant tone of the account of the bull-fighting is hardly convincing, by the bye. It is a pretty book, and instructive in the art of playing whenever light-hearted surroundings give one the chance.

SOME SHORT STORIES.

THE LAST TOUCHES, and Other Stories. By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. (Black.)

PIERRE AND HIS PEOPLE. By Gilbert Parker. (Methuen.)

TEN TALES by Francois Coppée. (Osgood.)

Mrs. Clifford's volume is not very well timed. After her recent success of 'Aunt Anne' it has a depressing effect to read this earlier and much inferior work. The stories are not wanting in wit, and they are not commonplace, but the situations are false, and the characters are made of odd bits, and all they think or say or do is morbid.

In 'Pierre and His People' are some capital stories. The wild Canadian scenery is a fine background, and the hard, open-air life gives rise to situations and adventures eminently picturesque. In fact, picturesqueness is the characteristic quality. Everything is subordinate to that. The men are bigger, the women of robuster beauty than elsewhere. Their language is more than picturesque; it is literary, poetical, and it must be confessed they nearly all talk in the same manner, whether they be natives of Donegal, or of the Cypress Hills, or of Belgravia. The weakest point of the whole is the part that Belgravia plays. It sends out too many too interesting exiles to make acquaintance with the elegant, melancholy half-breed Pierre. The best story, an excellent one, is 'She of the Triple Chevron,' the most impressive, from a descriptive point of view, is 'The Scarlet Hunter.' The delicate sentimentality that hangs about the stories is but a slight offence, amply compensated for by the dash of real poetry which infuses strength into it.

It was a good idea to give some of Coppée's tales in English. They are eminently translateable from every point of view. True, the present version is not all that could be desired, being rather stiff and clumsy in its renderings. But the tales are well chosen, and readers of Coppée will recognise old favourites, 'My Friend Meurtrier,' 'The Substitute,' 'The Captain's Vices,' for instance. The preface, by Mr. Brander Matthews, is not of the wisest. Why so much fuss should be made before the simple statement is put forward that Coppée's morality is finer than M. de Maupassant's, is hard to understand. Coppée has his limitations, but on the score of fine morality he does not yield to M. de Maupassant, and no one ever seriously thought he did. The stories are fully illustrated by capital pen-and-ink drawings by Mr. Albert Sterner.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

REGULATIONS FOR YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

1. *All MSS. must bear the real name and address of the writer, and also initials or* nom de plume *for designation in* THE BOOKMAN. (*An infringement of this regulation is the frequent cause of the delay in noticing MSS. that are sent.*)

2. *Should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.*

3. *MSS. received on or before the 15th of the month will be noticed, if possible, in the next number.*

4. *Not more than one contribution may be sent by any one contributor in one month.*

5. *The terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application to the*

Editor of the Young Author's Page
'Bookman' Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London,

to whom all MSS. must be addressed.

The Editor cannot guarantee that inquiries concerning this column shall be answered before the end of the month.

A DAUGHTER OF HETH.—What you say is well worth saying. But you might try to say it with more lightness. The "mighty Minerva" sentence, for instance, p. 1, is very ponderous. And what has Aesculapius to do with the matter? Occasionally your expression is wanting in accuracy, *e.g.*, on p. 2; and your thinking in clearness and sequence, *e.g.*, in your dissertation on middle age. Some care devoted to punctuation would not mean time misspent. For the sentiments there can be nothing but praise.

A DAUGHTER OF HETH (December).—The verses are really good on the whole, but their occasional illegibility hinders their full effect. No. 4 is the best, and you might have it set to music. But "royal" would be better than "regal." No 5 is obscure, but there is the making of something good in it. Are you sure it was *Love* that wore the briary crown? No. 3 is commonplace and melodious, and the other two slight but pretty.

ALCANDER.—The verses are full of genuine feeling, but the expression is clumsy. A story like that had always best be told in prose, unless a very powerful hand shapes it into verse.

ALPHA.—1. The very first sentence in your criticism invites contradiction. Then the sentence beginning "There is only one writer etc.," p. 1, proves that you had better avoid sweeping propositions yet awhile. Did you never hear of Dostoïeffsky? The criticism is juvenile, but intelligent. The moral of the book you have seized, but one striking feature you seem to have entirely missed. Perhaps you will recognise it when you read the book a second time. 2. Again your first sentence challenges contradiction, but the study of the book is good. Such exercises are capital for self-improvement. And indeed, you may be a good critic one day, if you go on practising, and avoid dogmatism.

ALPHEUS (1).—No. 1 is pretty, but couldn't you introduce Œnone's name where nothing need rhyme with it? The constant repetition of "stony" looks as if you had been hard put to it. No. 2 is good, too, though the motto is startling. Nos. 3 and 4 are heavy, and seem to reveal the labour that went to their making. But your verses, if not very original, are not at all unpromising.

ALPHEUS (2).—There is not much in it. Its chief characteristic is slightness, but it is well written.

A. S. B. L.—The "Leaves" is very good, though the last verse adds nothing to the meaning, and might be omitted. The application can be inferred from what goes before. It is difficult to see how, having written one set of verses, you could make such jingle in the other. The rhythm chosen is unmusical, and the accents fall in a blundering fashion. Write, if you write any more, up to the level of the "Autumn" one.

B. B.—The repeated lines in Nos. 1 and 3 spoil the verses. They are sound and nothing more. No. 2 is very good indeed. So is 5, though not quite so harmonious. They are all, in the literal sense of the word, picturesque.

BRIGHTONIAN.—Your article fell between two stools. It is too crude for readers who know anything about the subject, and those who don't would not be interested in it. It is by no means without merit, but to tackle such a subject you would have to think and read a good deal more. Some of the likenesses you find between Ibsen and certain other writers you name, are either very superficial or far-fetched. It is highly improbable that Teufelsdröckh's heart would have glowed in sympathy with Nora Helmar. The essay is not badly written, and when your thoughts on the subject have ripened a little you might make a fresh attempt.

B. S.—Fair. Not very promising, though there is no definite fault to be found with it.

BUTTERPAPER.—Dramatic ending, but all the first part is dull. The conversation is flat throughout, and difficult to wade through, till the last sentence which reveals the secret, which one guessed, by-the-by, on p. 7.

CAMELEON.—Very creditable. It shows good sense, and a feeling for rhythm. As rhyme is important in the metre you have chosen, you might make a correction in lines twelve or thirteen.

CHARLES WESSEX.—An impressive story, and well written, too, for the most part. But in your effort to maintain a solemn dignity of language you lose occasionally the effect which would be assured by simpler and more familiar words. There are several instances of this on the last page but one. And the woman did not bear "the dinner of the dead." She carried the "dinner of the living," even though her husband did chance to have been killed before she reached him. A magazine for young people might probably take this story.

DAFYDD.—A simple, innocent little tale. But don't try to have it published, nor, if you are wise, will you give much attention to writing fiction for years to come. You have no materials yet to write with.

DEMOS.—1. "Into outlandish parks." why "*parks*"? 2. (Bells) The best, and a pretty little bit of sentiment. But "booming *three*" does not sound quite accidental enough. 3. The repeated line is not good enough to deserve to occur three times.

DIAL.—The language is very fine and forcible, but I don't quite understand what it is all about. Who is the "Enemy?"—the Liberationists? If so, simpler polemics would be more effective.

DIE KLOANE (?) ENGLANDERIN.—An interesting account, which some popular magazine might print for you, especially if you could supply some illustrations or portraits. But the writing should be revised. There are a good many un-English turns of speech and clumsy constructions. See p. 2, for instance, the sentence beginning "Michael died in harness," etc. "Inoffensive," too, is wrongly used on p. 3. To write good English it is absolutely necessary to forget all you know of German.

D. M. B.—Fair. It has little spontaneity about it. Lines 9-12 are the best. "'In Memoriam' requiem" is a clumsy turn of phrase. But the sonnet is up to the level of most of the verse on the same subject.

DONNA BARBARA.—A pretty Undine story, but it wants brightening. Couldn't you introduce some revels and enchantments, to show the powers which the Fairy exercised before she spoilt her career by loving a mortal? The strain is too monotonous all through. A girls' magazine might accept it.

D. R.—There are more than two kinds of metre used in the verses. This is quite permissible, of course, when it is done on any evident plan, but here you have obviously been unable to keep up the first one, and it has the effect not of pleasing variety but of slovenliness. But why put the thing in verse at all? The freedom of prose form might have enabled you to make your description effective.

E. A. M.—The moralizing at the beginning need not, as you suggest, be omitted, but it might be curtailed. Have human beings got five wits? A "clever reading man" sounds as if your venerable uncle were an undergraduate. There are far too many subjects introduced into one sentence. But the story is quite good enough to revise and, perhaps, to send to a children's magazine.

E. H. I.—Most creditable for your age. The fairy ode is best, though the song of the spinster's sorrows is really a remarkable composition. It isn't any use telling you to go on, for, of course, you mean to, and when you are a rather older author I shall be glad to hear from you again.

ERNEST H. W.—Not a bad ghost story. I have seen it before, have I not? It is somewhat abruptly written, *e.g.*, p. 1: "The whole place . . . is necessary." It is not a useful description of a hall to say it is "a fit place for the echoes of youth and age." The brevity of the tale would plead for it in the eyes of an editor, but is not the Journal of the Society for Psychical Research the proper receptacle for it?

G. J.—It is not easy to understand the mood in which your poem was written. The story seems to be a tragic one, and yet the expression, modes of rhyming, etc., are such as are generally associated with comic verse. "Horrid storm" is colloquial, not poetic. "Silence" does not rhyme with "violence," nor, except to a Cockney ear, do "bring her" and "linger" rhyme with "Zinga." What is the meaning of "accelled?"

HAMLET.—A local periodical of a religious character might accept this for publication about Christmas time. It is well expressed.

HARETON.—A very tragic chapter. Your narrative is not very easy to follow, but on the whole the effort is promising.

H. P. W.—Yes, the *subject* is good, but a periodical of any standing would take only a specially good article on a subject about which so much has already been written. Your notes are too illegible for me to judge fairly the value of the ideas and the plan, but I gather that you should give considerably more study to the subject. The first propositions, for instance, are open to criticism.

I. M. I.—The narrative and descriptive extracts are good, a little lengthy in style, perhaps, and, especially the latter, rather dogmatic in statement. The "exordium" is purely imitative, and not of the best style of rhetoric, nor of a style that would be tolerated to-day. In fact, that kind of writing, tempting you to verbosity and pomposity, is a poor literary exercise. Stick to narrative, for which you have some evident talent.

JESS.—A promising introduction. Perhaps you describe the minor characters in too great detail; the story would run to a great length if you were to continue as you have begun. The conversations are much the weakest part. You might make a fine melodrama out of your materials, and a newspaper in the neighbourhood where the scene of the story is laid might not improbably print it. You can write.

J. W. D.—I can't detect the "something more serious." Not that its absence is regrettable, but the farce seems to want point. Is this perhaps only the first scene? If you could conceive a good subject in entirety, you might write a good comic libretto.

KLINGSOHR.—It adds nothing to the beauty or quaintness of essentially modern verse to affix "e's" in a reckless fashion to every word whose form seems to permit of it, *e.g.*, "A strippe of yellow sande, a cloudlesse skie." If you want to write archaic English, you must make some study of the grammar and vocabulary of the time you are aiming at. Spelt in a normal fashion, your sonnet is fairly good.

K. M.—Pretty and fanciful, and except stanza 4, well turned. If your verses would sometimes rise out of minor tones their merits would be more readily recognized.

LAON.—Very good verses. I like the first line least of all, and am doubtful what it symbolises. There was no particular gloom in the literary world at the epoch you write of. From verse three to the end it is really creditable, and above the average of such compositions.

L. G.—The subject is surely worthy of better verse. The metre is correct enough, if jingling, but the thought and imagery are commonplace.

MAC.—No. 1 is much better than No. 2. Neither is original, even apart from the quotations. But in No. 1, at least, there is some power of expression and dignity shown.

MC.—A creditable story, which you may very possibly get inserted in a colonial journal. It is well written, and if in the plot there is no great interest, still it is readable. From this very unambitious effort it is impossible to say what your prospects of literary success might be.

M. O. S.—The sentiments are excellent, and the verses are creditable for the care evidently bestowed on them. But they have no poetical merit.

NORA HOPPER.—The two Caoines are not of your best. Perhaps because the inspiration was second-hand. The song of the Kerry maid and the version of the Roumanian song are excellent. I don't like "muted" in the quatrain, nor "Be opened, thou." The address to the poet is a prettily turned compliment.

PURITAN.—Very pretty verses. But isn't the line about "flitting thoughts of care" out of place and disturbing in such a peaceful picture? And I think there is something wrong in stanza 5. It might be better to omit the last stanza altogether. It is practically summed up in lines 3 and 4 of verse 6, and these make a more artistic ending.

PUCK.—A decidedly clever little story. The motive is perhaps a little unreal, but there may be two opinions about that. I don't see any objection that could be reasonably raised against it, and you should try again to have it inserted in a magazine.

Q. Q.—Stanza 1, line 3, contains a criticism of the whole. But your verses might at least rhyme.

RAPHAEL.—I don't think you show talent for verse-making. Try something else.

RASSELAS.—Rather incomplete. It is a fair subject for a sketch or story, but you do not suggest circumstances enough to enable one to have sympathy with the ex-minister, or his wife, or the accusers. You might develop it a little further.

R. M.—In the face of your prophecy criticism is somewhat audacious, and it would be superfluous in those "future days," when your resolutions are accomplished facts. In regard to your present effort, I should say that if you listen to that guide of whose dictates you speak so respectfully, you will fulfil your destiny in other fields than that of song and romance.

SCRIBLERUS.—Strong, and full of thought. But you have chosen a really difficult measure, and you are not always successful with it, as you will see if you read Shelley's "Cloud" either after or before reading your own verses. Then your meaning is obscure at times, *e.g.*, first half of stanza 2. Some lines must be altered—"the book of my why," lines 4 and 5 of stanza 2, and the last line of stanza 4, where the accent falls abominably. It is worth while taking pains to make this better.

SCRIBBLER.—Your verses are hard to follow. What meaning do you attach to "fortune" in verse 1? And what do you think "saga" means? And what is the meaning of "yender"?

SOUTHBANK.—"We" is bad. The feeling expressed should be personal. The *abest* and *adsum* are not good. The tone of some of the lines is patronising. Lines 8, 9, and 10 are unfortunate. You could possibly do much better.

TRANSIT.—A very fair translation. But alter the first line: "Without the wall," is bad. And so is, "I sing as trills the blithesome bird."

VILLAGE PEASANT.—Your style is rhetorical rather than literary, and even as rhetoric it is much too ornate. Aim at simplicity. You have a large command of words, but use them sparingly. A sentence like the one beginning, "The monarch teacher of mankind" shows your fault at its worst. Your criticism is the weakest part, but that may improve with a little more reading, or, better still, thinking. Some of your judgments it would be well to revise now. Surely "classic gracefulness" is applied to the wrong part. Did Browning "sacrifice melody on the altar of sentiment"? And is it not a bold prophesy to call him the "poet of the future." Your definition of sublimity is so at fault as to explain your astonishing description of the 'Biglow Papers.' But the paper shows intelligence and keen literary interest.

W. M.—The circumstances under which the poem was written make it of interest. It has merits of its own too. It reflects the feelings which are stirred by the change from day to night, and the tone is poetical certainly. There are artificial turns of expression, which you might advise the writer to avoid, *e.g.*, "Embathe," in line 8.

X., Cambridge.—Very good verses. Haven't I seen them before? There is no reason why you should not try to have them inserted in some publication of wider circulation. But though yours are good they belong to a very numerous class. Smartness is just the literary quality that is not scarce to-day.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BEET, J. A.—Through Christ to God, 6/6 .....Hodder & Stoughton
Book by Book, 7/6 .....Isbister
[*A collection of popular studies on the canon of Scripture by well-known theological scholars. To each writer has been allotted a book or a group of books, and the names of the writers are a guarantee that the subjects are adequately dealt with. Among the contributors are Canon Farrar, the Bishop of Worcester, the Bishop of Ripon, Professors A. B. Davidson, Marcus Dods, and Milligan.*]
BRIGHT, W.—Morality in Doctrine, 7/6 ..... Longman
COPLESTONE, R. S.—Buddhism, Primitive and Present, in Magadha and in Ceylon, 16/-.....Longmans
[*See p.* 86.]
Critical Review, The, edited by Professor S. D. F. Salmond, D.D. vol 2 .....T. & T. Clark
[*Contains some important articles by Dr. Fairbairn, Professors Davidson, Dods, and Milligan, the Rev. G. A. Smith, the Rev. James Stalker, and others, on recent theological literature, English and foreign.*]
CUTT, Rev. E. L.—A Handy Book of the Church of England, 5/- S.P.C.K.
DRIVER, Canon.—Sermons on the Old Testament .....Methuen
[*Intended as a supplement to the author's 'Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament.'*]
EDGAR, Rev. R. M.—The Gospel of a Risen Saviour, 7/6.....Clarke
EXELL, Rev. J. S.—Biblical Illustrator: 2 Timothy, 7/6..... Nisbet
Faith: Eleven Sermons, with Preface, by Rev. H. C. Beeching, 3/6 Percival
FOUARD, Abbé.—St. Peter and the First Year of Christianity, translated by G. F. Griffith, 9/- .....Longmans
HALL, Rev. H. E.—Leadership, not Lordship, 2/-.....K. Paul
HARDERN, Rev. T. B.—Church Discipline, its History and Present Aspect, 2/- ....Hall
HEADLAND, E.—Brief Sketches of C. M. S. Missions, 3/6.....Nisbet
HEURTLEY, Rev. C. A.—History of the Earlier Formularies of Faith of the Western and Eastern Churches, 4/6 .....Parker
International Journal of Ethics, October, 65 cents.....Unwin
[*Contains contributions by well-known writers on 'Utilitarianism,' 'Philanthropy and Morality,' 'The National Traits of the Germans,' etc., and reviews of the principal recent ethical and sociological publications.*]
KELLOG, the Rev. S. H.—The Genesis and Growth of Religion, 10/- Macmillan
[*A general exposition of the various theories on the subject, and a special criticism of those of Herbert Spencer and Professor Max Muller.*]
KING, J. H.—The Supernatural, its Origin, Nature, and Evolution, 2 vols, 15/- .....Williams & Norgate
LLOYD, W.—The Galilean, a Portrait of Jesus of Nazareth, 2/6 Williams & Norgate
MACDONALD, G.—The Hope of the Gospel, 6/- ..... Ward, Lock
[*A volume of sermons, particularly gentle in spirit and poetical in expression.*]
Modern Anglican Preachers, by Camera Obscura, 1/- Hodder & Stoughton
[*Interesting monographs on some of the best-known preachers, representing many different schools of thought. Among them are the Bishop of Ripon, Canon Liddon, Dr. Welldon, Canons Scott-Holland and Knox-Little, Dean Hole, and the Rev. W. Page Roberts.*]
MORGAN, Rev. R. A.—Bible Teaching on the Sanctification of One Day in Seven, 2/- .....Digby & Long
MORRIS, E. J.—Prayer-Meeting Theology .....Putnam
[*Talks on theological questions suggested first by the evident want of success attending an old-established prayer-meeting.*]
OWEN, J. W.—Some Australian Sermons, 3/6 .....Stock
Plato's Dialogues, reprinted from the translation of W. Whewell, 4/6 Bell
SADLER, M. F.—Sermon Outlines for the Clergy and Lay Preachers, 5/- .....Bell
Sermon Bible, The, vol. 10, 2 Corinthians to Philippians, 7/6 Hodder & Stoughton
SIDEBOTHAM, H.—Readings from Holy Scripture, with Brief Comments, 2/6 .....W. Gardner
SINCLAIR, W. M., the Ven.—The Servant of Christ ....Elliot Stock
[*Practical and homely discourses on life and conduct, originally addressed to popular audiences, and admirably adapted for models of sermons for similar occasions.*]
SPENCER, F. E.—Did Moses Write the Pentateuch after all?.. Stock
[*The writer feels that to restore Moses is one of the greatest needs of the age. To prove that "he is not played out" is the aim of these chapters on the history of the problem as to the authorship of the Pentateuch.*]
STALEY, Rev. V.—Plain Words on the Incarnation and the Sacraments, 2/6 ....Skeffington
STALKER, Rev. J.—The Four Men, and other Chapters Hodder & Stoughton
[*The first chapter or sermon was delivered at Yale University, and printed by the special request of Mr. D. L. Moody. The others were also addressed to College students. They are thoughtful and suggestive, and well fitted to fulfil their aim of handling "a few important themes of faith and conduct in a way that may be found instructive and readable by young men."*]
STEWART, J. A.—Notes on the Nicomachean Ethics of Aristotle, 2 vols, 32/- .....Oxford Univ. Press
Strauss's Life of Jesus, New Translation by J. L. McIlraith, 2/6 Temple Co.
WALLACE, L.—The Boyhood of Christ, 5/-..... Osgood
Weekly Pulpit, The, volume v., n.s. .....Elliot Stock
[*A series of selected sermons, also outlines of sermons, for special occasions and general purposes. Likely to be of use to preachers.*]
WHITAKER, Rev. C.—Student's Aid to the Prayer Book, 3/6 ....Bell
WHITON, J. M.—Gloria Patri, or, Our Talks about the Trinity, 3/6 J. Clarke

NEW EDITION.

MAURICE, F. D.—Theological Essays, 3/6 .....Macmillan
[*Fifth edition of essays of permanent interest. They were originally dedicated to the late Laureate, and in them there is to be found much evidence of Tennyson's influence on Maurice, or at least of Maurice's acceptation of much of the Tennysonian thought.*]

FICTION.

ARMSTRONG, A. E.—A Very Odd Girl, 3/6.....Blackie
[*A wholesome story. The central character is a half French young girl, who has to be reformed from faults of bringing up, and is so very satisfactorily, during her life on an English farm.*]
ATKINSON, Canon.—Scenes in Fairyland, 4/6.....Macmillan
[*A rather disappointing book. Miss Mary's visits to Fairyland are a little dull, and the fun is ponderous. There are pretty fancies in the story; but we fear it is not fated to be a popular favourite.*]
Baby John. By the Author of 'Laddie' .....Chambers
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Beetles, Butterflies, Moths, and other Insects, 3/6 .....Cassell
BLACK, G.—Every-Day Ailments, 2/6 ..... Ward & Lock
BLACK, G.—Family Health Book, 2/6 ..... Ward & Lock
BLACKBURN, H.—Artistic Travel in Normandy, Brittany, the Pyrenees, Spain, and Algeria, illust., 10/6 .....S. Low
BLISSARD, W.—The Ethics of Usury and Interest, 2/6..Sonnenschein
BUCKLEY, J. M.—Faith-Healing, Christian Science, and Kindred Phenomenon, 6/- .....Unwin
CAMPBELL, H. J.—Text-Book of Elementary Biology, 6/- Sonnenschein
CARMICHAEL, J.—Disease in Children, 10/6..... Pentland
CARTWRIGHT, J.—The Pilgrim's Way from Winchester to Canterbury, 12/6.....Virtue
CLARKE, E.—Eyestrain, commonly called Asthenopia, 5/-.. Churchill
CONYBEARE, F. C.—Anecdota Oxonienis, Classical Series, Vol. 1, Pt. 6 Armenian Versions of Aristotle, 14/- .....Frowde
COOKE, M. C.—Vegetable Wasps and Plant Worms, 5/- .. S.P.C.K.
CORNEILLE'S Polyeucte, edited by E. G. W. Braunholtz, 2/- Cambridge University Press
CUBITT, J.—A Popular Handbook of Nonconformist Church Building 2/6 .....Clarke
DIXEY, F. A.—Epidemic Influenza, a Study in Comparative Statistics, 7/6 .....Lewis
Egyptian State Debt and its Relation to International Law, rom the German of Dr. W. Kaufmann, 8/- .....Mathieson
ELLIS, H.—The Nationalization of Health, 3/6 .....Unwin
[*Mr. Ellis treats the subject from the hopeful point of view that the maladies of the body "are largely within our grasp." He criticises the present condition of hospitals, and all the want of public precaution that results in typhoid fever and other maladies and weaknesses easily preventable. He certainly makes out a strong case for a serious organisation and socialisation of the elementary conditions of health.*]
EWALD, C. A.—The Diseases of the Stomach, translated by M. Manges, illustrated, 16/- ..... Pentland
EWART, W.—Symptoms and Physical Signs, 2/-..... Bailliere
Explosives and their Power, trans. from the French of M. Berthelot by Hake and Macnab, 24/- .....Murray
FUCHS, Dr. E.—Text-Book of Ophthalmology, translated by A. Deane, 21/- .....Lewis
GALTON, F.—Finger Prints, 6/- net .....Macmillan
[*The importance of this subject is fully demonstrated by Mr. Galton in this ingenious and very remarkable book. Finger prints afford "a surer criterion of identity than any other bodily feature," as they retain their peculiarities unchanged through life. The results of recent investigations are noted and discussed, and the most careful directions are given to those who wish for practical or scientific purposes to pursue the research.*]
HALE, A. C.—The Art of Massage, 6/-.....Scientific Press
HALL, W. W.—Popular Cyclopædia of Curative and Health Maxims, 3/6 .....Morison
HARLAND, J. W.—The Printing Arts, 2/6..... Ward & Lock
HERING, C.—Recent Progress in Electric Railways, 5/-....Whittaker
HOLBROOK, G. W., and BAKER, A.—The Forward Examination Algebra, with Answers and Solutions, 2/- .....Simpkin
HOLBROOK, M. L.—The Hygienic Treatment of Consumption and Consumptive Tendencies, 3/6.....Morison
" Liver Complaint, Nervous Dyspepsia, and Headache, 2/6 ..... Morison
HORACE'S Odes, translated by Stewart, 2/-.....Simpkin
HUQUENET, A. P.—French Prose Reader, 2/- .....Hirschfield
Illustrations of Indian Field Sports, after designs by Capt. T. Williamson, 10/6 .....Constable
JAMIESON, A.—Applied Mechanics, 3/6 .....Griffin
JENKS, E.—History of the Doctrine of Consideration in English Law, 3/6 ..... Cambridge Warehouse
KALBSCHMIDT, J. H.—New and Complete Dictionary of the English and German Languages, 7/6..... Hirschfield
KEATING, J. M., and HAMILTON, H.—A New Pronouncing Dictionary of Medicine, 18/- ..... Pentland
KRUMMACHER, M.—A Dictionary of Every-Day German and English, 5/-.....Hachette
LEAPER, C. J.—Outlines of Organic Chemistry, 2/-.....Iliffe
LELAND, C. G.—Etruscan Roman Remains in Popular Tradition, 21/- Unwin
Linnell, J., Life of, by A. T. Story, 2 vols. 28/-.....Bentley
LISHMAN, R., and BESZANT, S. L.—Experimental Science as a Class-Subject, 2/6 .....Blackie
LLOYD, T.—The Silver Crisis, 2/6.....*Electrician* Office
LOFTIE, W. J.—The Inns of Court and Chancery, illustrated, 21/- Seeley
MILLER, H. E.—The Small Holdings Act, 1892. Preface by Right Hon. J. Collings, 2/6.....Waterlow
MINCHIN, G. M.—Hydrostatics and Elementary Hydrokinetics, 10/6 Oxford Univ. Press
NADAILLAC, Marquis de.—Manners and Monuments of Prehistoric Peoples, translated by N. Bell, 12/6.....Putnam
NEWMAN, D.—Malignant Disease of the Throat and Nose, 8/6 Pentland
New Pocket Dictionary of the English and Dutch Languages, 4/6 Hirschfield
Old Italian Masters, engraved by T. Cole, with Historical Notes by W. J. Stileman, 42/- .....Unwin
PENNELL, J. and E. R.—Plays in Provence, 6/-.....Unwin
[*See p.* 92.]
PIGOTT, T. D.—London Birds and London Insects, and other Sketches, 7/6 .....Porter
POOLE, S. L.—Cairo, Sketches of its History, Monuments, and Social Life, illustrated, 12/6 .....Virtue
PRESSLAND, A. J.—Geometrical Drawing, 2/6 .....Percival
Principles of Pattern-Making, by a Foreman Pattern-Maker, 3/6 Whittaker
RICHARDSON, M. T.—Practical Carriage Building, 2 vols., 10/- K. Paul
ROBERTS, Sir W.—On the Chemistry and Therapeutics of Uric Acid, Gravel, and Gout, 3/6 .....Smith, Elder
SADLER, S. B.—The Art and Science of Sailmaking, 12/6..Lockwood
SARGENT, J. Y.—Grammar of the Dano-Norwegian Language, 7/6 Oxford Univ. Press
SEWARD, A. C.—Fossil Plants as Tests of Climate, 5/- Cambridge University Press
STEWART, R. W.—A Text-Book of Magnetism and Electricity, 5/- Clive
SWINHOE, Col. C.—Catalogue of Lepidoptera Heterocera in Oxford. University Museum, Vol. I., 21/-.....Oxford Univ. Press
SYKES, J. F. J.—Public Health Problems, "Contemporary Science Series," 3/6 .....Scott
[*Discusses in a thoughtful and suggestive fashion such questions as Heredity, Urban Conditions, the Notification of Disease, the Physical Influences of Light and Heat, the "Dwelling House," etc. It should be of service to sanitary inspectors, members of county councils, and is not too technical for the general reader.*]
THUCYDIDES, Eighth Book of, edited by T. G. Tucker, 3/6 Macmillan
Toothed Gearing, by a Foreman Pattern-Maker, 6/-.....Lockwood
URQUHART, J. W.—Electric Ship Lighting, 7/6 .....Lockwood
VILLEMAIN, M.—Souvenirs des Cent Jours, edited by G. Sharp, 2/6 Longmans
VIRGIL, Georgics, Bks. 3 and 4, with Introduction by C. S. Jerram, 2/6.....Oxford Univ. Press
WEYL, T.—The Coal-Tar Colours, trans. by H. Leffmann, 7/6 K. Paul
WHITFIELD, E. E.—A School Introduction to the Commercial Sciences, 3/6.....Percival
WILSON, A.—Science Stories, 5/-.....Osgood
ZIEHEN, Dr. T.—Introduction to Physiological Psychology, translated by Van Liew and Beyer, 6/-.....Sonnenschein

MISCELLANEOUS.

ABRAHAM, W. H.—The Studies of a Socialist Parson, 3/6 ..Andrews

BALLIN, Mrs. A. S.—Health and Beauty in Dress, 2/-.....Flack

BLADES, W., the late.—Books in Chains, and other bibliographical papers.....Stock

[*This is a very interesting volume of the "Book Lover's Library," not only on account of the main subject, 'Chained Books,' but because of the notice of Mr. Blades' life and work which forms the introduction, and of the minor essays of Mr. Blades which it contains—De Ortu Typographiæ, concerning the great controversy Gutenberg v. Coster, on the Early Schools of Typography, etc.*]

Bookworm, The, An Illustrated Treasury of Old-Time Literature. Stock

[*This volume of the* Bookworm *is full of interesting odds and ends of interest to book-lovers. It is perhaps just a trifle too scrappy.*]

BRET HARTE.—Birthday Book, compiled by Madame Van de Velde, 6/-.....Osgood

BRIGHTWEN, Mrs.—More about Wild Nature, 3/6 .....Unwin

[*A continuation of the writer's 'Wild Nature Won by Kindness.' It gives accounts of such indoor pets as kestrels, and bats, and wood-mice, of the inhabitants of woods, some prettily written descriptions of nature, with hints on Home Museums, etc. The book is illustrated by the author, whose portrait forms the frontispiece.*]

Children's Books: Merry Moments for Merry Little Folk, by R. E. May; Aunt Louisa's Book of Nursery Rhymes; From Toyland; Our Noah's Ark (Warne); Wild and Tame (Shaw).

[*Beautifully illustrated gift-books.*]

FIRENZUOLA, Messer A., Dialogue by—Of the Beauty of Women, trans. by C. Bell, 7/6 .....Osgood

GARDNER, A. K.—The Conjugal Relationships, 3/6.....Morison

GAYE, S.—The Great World's Farm, with a Preface by G. S. Boulger, F.L.S., 5/- .....Seeley

[*A popular book of science intended specially for young people. It gives a very readable account of all the unrecognised labourers that are helping to cultivate the earth, the worms that carry the soil, the plants that bind it, the uses of birds, squirrels, etc. It is well adapted for a school reading-book or as a supplement to science lessons. The illustrations are good.*]

GLADSTONE, Right Hon. W. E.—An Academic Sketch, 2/- Clarendon Press

[*The Romanes Lecture. An important note on the translations of Bishop Butler has been added by Mr. Gladstone, as well as numerous footnotes.*]

Good Words, 1892, edited by the Rev. Dr. McLeod, D.D., 7/6 Isbister

[Good Words *keeps up its character for general interest. There is perhaps no striking feature, but a high level of general excellence and interest, both in the fiction and the miscellaneous contributions, is maintained. Among the contributors are William Black, G. Manville Fenn, Katharine Tynan, Sir R. Ball, the Dean of St. Paul's, etc.*]

GOULD, S. B.—Strange Survivals: Some Chapters in the History of Man, 7/6.....Methuen

[*A fascinating collection of papers on popular customs, monuments, etc., about which cling relics of superstitious belief, with explanations, and further illustrations of the superstitions. Mr. Gould's theories are rather dogmatic and sweeping. All of them may not be exempt from criticism, but at all events he treats his subject in a very interesting fashion, and his book is one of the most entertaining that has appeared recently.*]

HOLT, E. S.—The Harvest of Yesterday, 5/-.....Shaw

Humour of France, The.—Selected and translated by E. Lee, 3/6. Illustrations of P. Frenzeny.....Scott

Humour of Germany, The.—Selected and translated by H. Muller-Casenov. Illustrations by C. E. Brock, 3/6 .....Scott

[*Both are excellent selections, on the whole very representative, and the translations are highly creditable. But in the French volume, since space has been found for a very doubtful bit of humour by Verlaine, why was Scarron omitted? The illustrations are full of spirit. This should be a popular series.*]

JACOBI, C. T.—Some Notes on Books and Printing, 5/- Chiswick Press

[*This is a practical handbook for authors, publishers, and printers on types, proofs, stereotyping, binding, copyright, registration, and other matters relating to the issuing of books. There are some fine specimens of paper and of type, and the book itself is got up in an attractive style which is a suggestion in itself. It is practically a revised reprint of Mr. Jacobi's 'Making and Issuing of Books,' now out of print.*]

JEFFERIES, R.—The Toilers of the Field, 6/- .....Longmans

[*See p.* 88.]

KENNEDY, E. S.—A Tramp to Brighton. De Profundis ad Suprema, 1/- .....Marshall

[*A thoughtful book, but the thought is somewhat chaotic. The writer describes very graphically a visit to a thieves' kitchen, and his subsequent acquaintance with and wanderings in the company of a member of the criminal classes, who is finally reformed. This sets him reflecting on social and theological problems, and there occurs the least useful part of his book.*]

KENYON, E. C.—Some Brave Boys and Girls, 2/-.....Chambers

[*Tales of the early lives of great or notable men and women, such as Watt, Stephenson, Nelson, Outram, Edison, Lincoln, the Brontës, Vambery, etc., shortly and simply told.*]

LEE, E.—Some Noble Sisters, 5/-.....J. Clarke

LELAND, G. G.—The Book of One Hundred Riddles of the Fairy Bellaria, 1/-.....Unwin

[*A capital book for children, who always have a healthy appetite for riddles, and who will agree with Mr. Leland that "Many a thing is taught in schools not half so good for curing fools as Riddling is."*]

LIDDON, H. P.—Essays and Addresses .....Longmans

London and Middlesex Note Book, The, edited by W. P. W. Phillimore.....Elliot Stock

[*A very valuable work, containing gleanings from antiquarian research of great interest to Londoners and dwellers in the neighbourhood. The book contains a series of illustrations of old Middlesex churches.*]

MCCARTHY, J.—Charing Cross to St. Paul's. Vignettes by Joseph Pennell .....Seeley

[*The pictures here are excellent, and of course one buys such a book for the pictures. It is the London of to-day they show one, and Mr. McCarthy in his notes is not very antiquarian. He chats pleasantly, and recognises that his part of the performance should be an obligato to Mr. Pennell.*]

MANNING, E. F.—The Coming of Father Christmas, 5/-.....Warne

MORRIS, C.—Tales from the Dramatists, 3 vols., 10/6 net. Griffith, Farran

[*An endeavour to do for other dramatists what the Lambs did for Shakespeare. The purpose is well carried out, and old and young can find entertainment in these volumes, which should send them straightway to the original plays. The plays chosen are entirely unobjectionable. The selections from the elder drama are sparing, but include stories from Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger. The early part of the nineteenth century is well represented. The volumes are attractive in style, contain portraits, and a short preface by Mr. Irving.*]

National Temperance Mirror, The, 2/6, 2/-, 1/6 .....N. T. L.

[*Contains a great deal of reading for old and young, inculcating temperance principles directly and indirectly.*]

PEEK, F.—Complaining in our Streets .....Isbister

[*An appeal for stringent measures of reform in our poor-law system.*]

SALT, H. S.—Animals' Rights Considered in Relation to Social Progress, 2/-.....Bell

SCHOOLING, J. H., translated by, Handwriting and Expression, 6/- K. Paul, Trench, Trübner

[*A translation of M. J. Crèpieux-Janin's L'Ecriture et le Caractère. M. Crèpieux-Janin looked on graphology as a genuine science. He devoted, at least, much research and industry to the examination of the characteristics of handwriting, and whatever can be said for the matter as a serious object of study is said here with force and conviction.*]

SCOTT, E.—Dancing as an Art and Pastime, 6/-.....Bell

STAFFE, Baroness—The Lady's Dressing Room, trans. by Lady Colin Campbell, 3/6.....Cassell

STEPHEN, Sir J. F.—Horæ Sabbaticæ. Third Series, 5/-...Macmillan

[*The third series of articles reprinted from the* Saturday Review *consist of reviews and studies of Berkeley, Paley, Burke, Tom Paine, Cobbett, and De Maistre, etc. They are weighty contributions to the subjects of which they treat, more full of information than of suggestive criticism.*]

Sunday Magazine, The, edited by Rev. B. Waugh, 7/6.....Isbister

[*An interesting volume. There are serial stories by Hesba Stretton and Darley Dale, and the miscellaneous papers on biblical, social, and other subjects are well chosen and bright in style. It seems a pity that the recent fashion of printing illustrations in inferior colours should have overtaken the* Sunday Magazine.]

Table-Talk of John Selden, The, edited by S. H. Reynolds Clarendon Press

[*A fine scholarly edition of Selden. A better could hardly be desired. Mr. Reynolds' Introduction, notes, and bibliography are admirable, full enough, but never irrevelant.*]

WAUGH, E.—Lancashire Sketches, ed. by G. Milner. First Series Heywood

WIGGINS, K. D.—Children's Rights, a Book of Nursery Logic, 5/- Gay and Bird

[*Contains a great deal of good sense, along with, however, a somewhat fanatical belief in the Kindergarten system. It is written in a spirited fashion, and deserves the attention of parents and teachers.*]

NEW EDITIONS.

Days with Sir Roger de Coverley. Illustrated by Hugh Thomson, 6/-.....Macmillan

[*A reprint of a very pretty gift book. The illustrations are full of humour and reproduce admirably the spirit of Sir Roger and of his time.*]

DAWSON, W. J.—Quest and Vision .....Hodder & Stoughton

[*This is not merely a new edition, for essays on Meredith and 'The New Realism' have been added, while the earlier essays have been carefully revised. The essays are full of thoughtful reflection on modern literature, its tendencies and its teachings.*]

EGERTON, Rev. J. C.—Sussex Folk and Sussex Ways Chatto and Windus

[*These stray studies in the "Wealden Formation of Human Character" are full of good stories and marks of kindly humour. A memoir of the author, the late Rector of Burwash, is prefixed, and there are illustrations of Burwash and the neighbourhood.*]

ELLIS, HAVELOCK.—The New Spirit. "Scott Library," 1/6.....Scott

[*Was a new edition of 'The New Spirit' called for? It is, of course, a suggestive little book, but of temporary value, and hardly of a kind to place in a series largely made up of classics or works of permanent interest.*]

LANG, A.—The Library, 4/6.....Macmillan

[*This composite volume has been reissued in very pretty style. Mr. Lang has written a new preface to his part, in which he touches, amongst other subjects, on the vexed question of the consciences of book-hunters, while Mr. Austin Dobson has reviewed the progress of book-illustration during the ten years since he wrote his pleasant chapter on that subject. The book is a genial and talkative one, not too solemn for the amateur book-collector.*]

LITCHFIELD, F.—Illustrated History of Furniture, 25/- net. Truslove and Shirley

[*There have been considerable additions made to the second edition, both in the descriptive text and in the illustrations. The book is invaluable to designers and of interest to all who own a chair or table, or who were ever impressed by their ignorance in walking through South Kensington Museum.*]

RUSSELL, PERCY.—The Author's Manual, 5/- .....Digby & Long

[*This popular handbook has reached a sixth edition, and from the amount of reliable information and excellent advice it gives to all literary aspirants, it deserves its success. The present edition contains a portrait of the author.*]

STEPHEN, L.—Hours in a Library .....Smith & Elder

[*Vol. I. of an excellent edition, in which will appear some new papers.*]

TRAILL, H. D.—Central Government, 2/6.....Macmillan

[*This volume of the* English Citizen *series has been revised and brought nearly, not quite, up to date. It treats of the English Constitution and the machinery by which it works. Its description of the various executive offices is lucid and precise, though it is not burdened with a large amount of detailed information. The book is admirably planned, and the plan has been carried out with real skill.*]

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between October 15th and November 15th, 1892:—

LONDON WEST CENTRAL.

1. Death of Œnone, etc., by Alfred Lord Tennyson. 6s. (Macmillan.)
2. The Beauties of Nature, by Sir John Lubbock. 6s. (Macmillan.)
3. Hours in a Library, vol. I., by Leslie Stephen. 6s. (Smith and Elder.)
4. Twenty-five Years of Secret Service, by Henri Le Caron. 14s. (Heinemann.)
5. Lyric Love, edited by William Watson. 2s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)
6. Capt. Davy's Honeymoon, etc., by Hall Caine. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

LONDON, E.C.

1. Tennyson, all Forms. (Macmillan.)
2. Horton, Revelation and the Bible. 7s. 6d. (Unwin.)
3. Liddon, Essays and Addresses. 5s. (Longman.)
4. Watson, Lachrymæ Musarum. 4s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
5. Moule, Christ is All. 3s. 6d. (Low.)
6. Waverley Novels. Border ed., 6s. per vol. (Nimmo.)

During the month there has been a steady improvement in business, the demand for cheap literature still continuing, and also a decided increase in the sale of more expensive works. Large paper books like Sir Roger de Coverley, Ballad of the Beau Brocade, Waverley Novels (Nimmo), etc., sell easily, while the stock of those issued in previous seasons is gradually being cleared off.

Law's Serious Call has been much in demand by reason of the article on it in the *British Weekly*.

The Preachers of the Age Series (3s. 6d., Low) have developed into a decidedly successful stock line, and sell rapidly. There seems prospect of a very good Christmas season.

LIVERPOOL.

1. Tennyson's Œnone. 6s. (Macmillan.)
2. Adventures of Sherlock Holmes. 6s. (Newnes.)
3. Tess of D'Urbervilles. 6s. (Osgood.)
4. Wingate's Ten Years' Captivity in Mahdi's Camp. 21s. (Sampson Low.)
5. Zola's Downfall. 3s. 6d. (Chatto and Windus.)
6. Miss Dividends. By Gunter. 2s. (Routledge.)
7. Herkomer, Life and Work. 2s. 6d. and 5s (Virtue.)
8. European Pictures of the Year. 2s. 6d. (Cassell.)

MANCHESTER.

1. Sir Roger de Coverley.
2. Green Fairy Book.
3. Downfall, by Zola.
4. Christian Ethics, by Smyth.
5. Revelation and the Bible, by Horton.
6. Early Narrative of Genesis, by Ryle.

BIRMINGHAM.

1. Lord Tennyson's Œnone.
2. Mr. Symonds' Life of Michel Angelo.
3. Mr. Burne Jones: A Record and Review.
4. The Border Edition of the Waverley Novels.
5. The Memories of Dean Hole.
6. Mr. Santley's Reminiscences.
7. Mr. Walter Crane's Edition of The Wonder Book.
8. Major Le Caron's Recollections.
9. Mr. Besant's London.
10. Mr. Leslie Stephen's Hours in a Library.

BRADFORD.

1. The Death of Œnone, etc. Tennyson. 6s. (Macmillan.)
2. Revelation and the Bible. Horton. 7s. 6d. (Unwin.)
3. The Downfall. Zola. 3s. 6d. (Chatto and Windus.)
4. Football, the Rugby Game. Marshall. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)
5. The Beauties of Nature. Lubbock. 6s. (Macmillan.)
6. The American Claimant. Twain. 3s. 6d. (Chatto and Windus.)
7. Tennyson's Works, Renan's Works, Lang's Works.

BURNLEY.

Waverley, by Sir Walter Scott, edited by Andrew Lang. 6s. (J. C. Nimmo.)

This is undoubtedly the finest edition of Scott done, and is being extremely well received.

Where Duty Lies, by S. K. Hocking. 2s. 6d. (Warne and Co.)

Sold over 500 copies, and over 20,000 of this author's works.

Renan's Life of Jesus. 1s. 6d. (Kegan Paul and Co.)

Tennyson. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

Also in good bindings.

Uniform List of Prices for Weaving, by T. Birtwistle, J.P., pub. 1s. 6d. net. (Whitaker, Accrington.)

A Mysterious Family, by a New Writer [local]. 6s. (Allen and Co.)

MIDDLESBROUGH.

1. Tennyson's Works.
2. Hardy (Thos.), Tess.
3. The Green Fairy Book.
4. Barrie's Books.
5. Lubbock's Beauties of Nature.
6. Jefferies' Toilers of the Field.

LEICESTER.

1. Sir J. Lubbock's Beauties of Nature. 6s.
2. Mrs. Molesworth's Girls and I. 4s. 6d.
3. Tennyson's Œnone. 6s.
4. Besant's London.
5. Lang's Green Fairy Book.

TAUNTON.

1. Tennyson's Œnone.
2. Hardy's Tess.
3. Lubbock's Beauties of Nature.
4. Art Annual.

EDINBURGH, W.

1. The Death of Œnone, by Lord Tennyson. 6s. (Macmillan and Co.)
2. The Four Men, by Rev. James Stalker, D.D. 2s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
3. The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, by A. Conan Doyle. 6s. (George Newnes.)
4. Revelation and the Bible, by Rev. R. F. Horton. 7s. 6d. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
5. The Downfall, by Emile Zola. 3s. 6d. (Chatto and Windus.)
6. Jump to Glory Jane, by George Meredith. 5s. (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.)
7. Waverley. 2 vols. 12s. Border Edition. Edited by Andrew Lang. (J. C. Nimmo.)

GLASGOW.

1. The Four Men, and other Chapters. By Dr. Stalker. 2s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
2. Dr. Cairns' Christ the Morning Star, and other Sermons. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
3. Wendt's Teaching of Jesus. 2 vols. 21s. (T. & T. Clark.)
4. Words of Faith, Hope, and Love. A series of letters by the late John Dickie, of Irvine. 3s. 6d. (Partridge.)
5. Life of James Gilmour of Mongolia. 7s. 6d (Tract Society.)
6. Tennyson's The Death of Œnone. 6s. (Macmillan.)
7. The Story of John G. Paton for Young Folks. 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
8. Silent Times, a help in reading the Bible. By Dr. J. R. Miller. 3s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
9. The Guinea Stamp. By Annie Swan. 5s. (Oliphant & Co.)

ABERDEEN.

1. Tennyson's Œnone, Demeter, and other volumes.
2. Waugh's Study of Tennyson's Life and Work. 10s. 6d.
3. Professor Masson's Edinburgh Sketches. 10s. 6d.
4. Smyth's How God Inspired the Bible. 2s. 6d.
5. Ten Years' Captivity in the Mahdi's Camp. 21s.
6. Hall Caine's Novels. 3s. 6d. each.

Great interest is shown in Tennyson and everything about him, and the demand for his works has been large. Waugh's book, which is handsome and well illustrated, is meeting with the success that it deserves. Next to fiction, theology is most popular at present, and laymen are as ready buyers as ministers. Books of a high order, such as those by Gore, Driver, Newman Smyth, and others find a wide and general circulation.

MONTROSE.

1. Jennings' Life of Tennyson. 1s.
2. Tennyson's Works. 7s. 6d.
3. Peyton's Memorabilia of Jesus.
4. Principal Cairns' Sermons.
5. Little Minister. 6s.
6. Meyer's Future Tenses of Blessed Life.
7. Swan's Guinea Stamp.

DUBLIN.

1. Tennyson's Poems. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
2. Toole's Reminiscences. 2s.
3. Thoughts and Teachings of Lacordaire. 3s. 6d.
4. The Downfall. Trans. Vizetelly. (Chatto & Windus.)
5. Way of Interior Peace. De Zehen. (Benziger.)
6. Letters of Bishop Ullathorne. 9s. (Burns & Oates.)
7. Lecky's Ireland. New edition. 5 vols.
8. Chapman's edition of Dickens. 2s. 6d.

We guarantee the authenticity of the above lists as supplied to us by leading booksellers.

TRADE NOTES.

PETERBOROUGH.

Lord Lilford has presented the Peterborough Free Library with £60 worth of books. A firm of booksellers here have supplied the Free Library with a copy of the Encyclopædia in half Russia for £32.

GRANTHAM.

They are trying to start a Free Library at Grantham.

DEVIZES.

Mr. H. Bull's, the oldest of the local bookselling establishments, has lately passed into the hands of Messrs. Hurry and Pearson. Mr. Bull has for many years been the publisher of the *Wiltshire Archæological Magazine* on behalf of the Society—in fact, from the formation of the Society—and has also been publisher of various archæological and local books, etc.

BATH.

On Nov. 10th last died at Bath, in his 76th year, Bartholomew Meehan. For a number of years he was in business in Swansea, afterwards and until the close of last year carried on successfully a book-selling business at Pentre, in the Rhondda Valley. He was a man full of anecdote and witty sayings.

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